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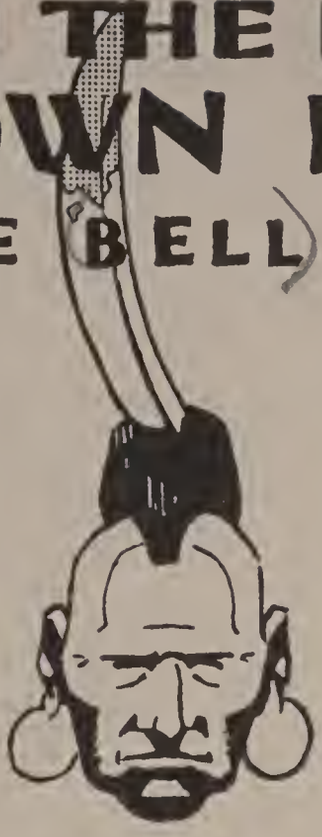
THE UNKNOWN INDIAN

THE COUNCIL

THE UNKNOWN INDIAN

GERTRUDE BELL BROWNE



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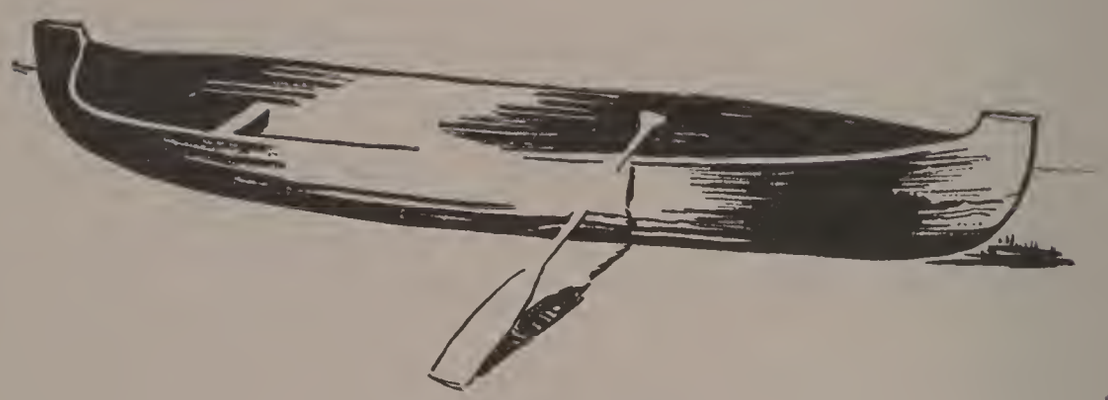

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LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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PROLOGUE

The Unknown Indian was a young brave whose greatest exploit is told in tradition, but to whom historical credit has not been given owing to the tribal custom that the distinction must be awarded to the Sachem.

As we follow the story of Tan-ta-quid-geon we see the picturesque daily life of the primitive Indians, not only of the Mohegans, but of other Algonquin tribes for, with some variations, their customs were similar.

In his childhood the young hero was carried in a cradle-board; he played the same games, and was taught the same legends as Crow Feather; like Red Squirrel, he spent lonely vigils in the forest while seeking his "Mystery."

Through him, Little Bird, the Indian maiden, and his friends we understand the ideals which governed their customs; their religion, in which they worshiped not only a Great Spirit, but many gods in nature, seeing in every natural phenomenon a diety to be worshiped, or propitiated by sacrifices. We feel the meaning

underlying the ceremonial chants and dances, whether of sacred ritual, of festival rejoicing, or in the scalp dance, celebrating victorious warfare, and the sacred obligation of sending the souls of slain enemies on the Long Trail to the spirit world.

We feel their poetic appreciation of nature; we see the life of the forest camp from their point of view, instead of according to the stern judgments of the Puritan settlers.

Facts concerning Indian customs and lore have been gathered from too many sources to mention all, but suggestions for the corn ceremonial were found in the writings of Miss Alice C. Fletcher, and special acknowledgment is given to the Memoirs of the Mohegans, and of other Abnaki tribes, by Dr. Frank G. Speck. The songs and chants are not literal translations, for frequently syllables, instead of words, were used and the underlying thought was expressed in the music, the rhythm and the gestures.

The historical parts are based on Winthrop's Journal, De Forest's History of the Indians of Connecticut and Caulkins' History of Norwich.

GERTRUDE BELL BROWNE.

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THE UNKNOWN INDIAN

TANTAQUIDGEON ON THE TRAIL

The Unknown Indian

THE TIME

According to the notches cut in the Time Stick, five Winters had passed since the Great Pequot War. The Paleface Fathers called it, The Year of Our Lord One Thousand Six Hundred and Forty-two.

I.

Tantaquidgeon

"Ekwi! Nu gutaia nu?" (Hello! How are you?) to the scout who had come to relieve him. A brief reply, and with a parting "Negita ni" (I am going), Tan-ta-quid-geon left the rude shelter hidden among the trees. Formed of saplings, half lopped off and falling sidewise to the ground, then interwoven with small branches to form a screen, and with only the boughs of a pine tree, under which it stood, for

a roof, it was too crude to be called a Jo kwien (wigwam).

Waving a farewell he ran lightly down the trail in the direction of his home; glad to leave the rough shelter for the comfort of his mother's wigwam at the settlement far down in the valley; glad, too, at the thought of warm food, for several days had passed since he had eaten anything but yokeg (parched corn) and dried berries.

No camp fire could be kindled in the habitation of a scout guarding a ford on a trail leading into the country of an enemy; for no curling smoke must betray the place of concealment; no odor of food, cooking, assail the nostrils of a skulking foe, and give notice that watchers were in readiness to give warning of an enemy raid.

It was late springtime. The tender, delicate leaves stirred by the breezes, cast flickering shadows across his face; but did not temper the rays from Father Sun, glowing overhead, with the heat of the first summer-like days. His rapid pace had soon slackened, for a short distance from the ford the hill rose sharply and the trail led over the highest point of land in the vicinity. Beside the trail, the violets spring-

ing up through the dry pine needles, formed a mat of delicate blue. Sometimes he stepped aside when a rocky spot promised a late blooming of the fragrant arbutus. Little underbrush impeded his search, for the fires kindled during the autumn hunts destroyed the small growth.

As he reached the summit he turned for a view of the far-away hill capped with silex, white as the snows of winter. Then began a sharp descent to the small ravine where a brook, dammed by boulders, had formed a small pool. Throwing aside the deerskin that covered his shoulders he sat down on a rock to remove his fringed leggins, his moccasins, and breech-cloth; then plunging into the water swam the few strokes to the other side of the pool. Back and forth he swam until thoroughly cool and refreshed, then coming out sat down in a sunny place to dry off. Tall and slender, straight as an arrow, lithe with training for contests in swimming and running, it would have been hard to find a finer specimen of youthful manhood. His smooth flesh was still unscarred by battle.

Although five Winters had passed since, boyhood over, he had gone alone into the for-

est, fasting, while he sought for the symbol of the mysterious power uniting him with the universe, his precious Medicine bundle had received no test of its power to protect him in warfare.

Again on the trail, winding down the hill, it was not long before he reached the level plain with its small clearing, where a few decaying poles revealed the camp site where his ancestors had lived before the war with the Pequots. The trail passed their burial place. At the spring near the basin of the Yantuck, he stopped to quench his thirst, but first pausing with alert glances to search for marauders who might have evaded the scouts at the westward. Bow and arrow closely grasped for ready protection, he knelt to drink from the clear, bubbling water; then on again past the noisy waterfall, toward the ford above.

There was no need for haste, because the Sun was still high and he stopped to watch the water dashing over the rocks and churning about in the deep holes worn in the soft ledge at the foot of the fall; then plunging wildly around the jagged rocks in the narrow ravine, before it found repose in the quiet basin below. A few more paces and the ford was crossed,

with the secluded trail leading toward the west and traversing a large plain before turning over the gently rolling country to the settlement in the valley below.

As he journeyed, although with senses alert for the detection of enemies, he mused about how his furlough would be spent; he planned for a running contest and another with arrows. He thought, "I hope there will be time for a game of ball," and then, "Perhaps I will go fishing with Nuc," (My Father). With this thought came a feeling of hunger, and he hoped that his mother would have a large piamang (fish) baking on a little scaffold of saplings over the coals. His pace quickened.

At the edge of the primeval forest bordering upon the clear, winding River, stood a group of arbor shaped wigwams partially concealed by giant trees. Flooded with the brilliant sunshine of the late springtime, all was peaceful and quiet, for in the warmth of early afternoon little activity was to be seen.

After a while a girlish voice in one of the wigwams inquired, "Nannang (My Mother) may I take my beadwork and stay with White Flower until Father Sun completes his journey?"

"Yes, Natanis," (My Daughter) replied the mother in a lower tone, "but come back in time to help about the evening meal."

Then a slender maiden of fifteen winters, carrying a small beaded pouch on her arm, stepped through the entrance and leaned over in silence to caress the cheek of her little sister, sitting outside in the warm sunshine; for the child had placed a finger to her lips in warning not to waken the little wooden doll that she held in her arms. Amused at the make-believe play, with a loving smile lighting her face Jeetseesh, or "Little Bird," was very attractive as she walked gracefully across the clearing and disappeared among the wigwams.

With a well-rounded figure, a skin of velvety softness, showing under its dusky beauty a glow like the blush of a wild rose, and with her dark eyes, tender and gentle, she was one of the most beautiful and popular girls of the tribe; for added to the modest manners, in which she had been trained by her mother, she was considerate of others and kind to the girls less attractive and fortunate than herself. Almost grown, she already had parted her hair in the middle, braided it in back and bound it over her temples with a beaded band. In a

few moons she would put on the bitkas, or long dress of the women, reaching nearly to her ankles, thus showing that she was of marriageable age.

When she reached the wigwam of her friend, White Flower greeted her warmly and the girls, engaged with their beadwork, conversed eagerly in low tones until the lengthening shadows warned them that the Sun was nearing his wigwam.

"Oh! I must go now. Tell me more some other time," remarked Little Bird as she carefully pushed the bone awl in the doeskin and folded her work in the pouch.

"Stay a little longer," pleaded White Flower.

"No, Nannang told me to come home early, for Nuc will be hungry after a day of fishing."

After a few words of farewell she walked rapidly, glancing about enjoying the springtime beauty. When nearly home she wandered in the fields nearby to gather the early flowers which were beginning to appear; when her hands were full, she sat down to rest near the trail, unconscious of the picture she made, with her brown cheeks flushed from the walk, her long, black hair braided and held smooth

by the picturesque band around her forehead and her eyes shining with the joy of youth, as she arranged the flowers in her lap. While her skillful fingers sorted the sprays of saxifrage, from the early violets and columbines, a slight smile curved her lips, for, mingled with the pleasure given by the flowers, were the happy thoughts of the day dreams which she and White Flower had confided to each other.

While no lover had yet appeared, Little Bird, like all other maidens, had her ideals of what she would wish him to be and had listened eagerly to the confidences of her friend as White Flower had told of the tender whispers of a young brave, who had detained her several times for an instant when she went to the spring accompanied by her grandmother. His brief words had been eloquent as there was little opportunity for wooing; for, when the braves were about the camp, the maidens were allowed to go about only in groups or with some older member of the family.

As Little Bird sat busily arranging her flowers, the evening calls of birds in the tree overhead attracted her attention and glancing up she was startled to see a stalwart young

A Stalwart Young Brave Gazed at Her with Admiration

brave standing a few paces away and gazing at her with unconcealed admiration. He had come so noiselessly along the trail,and she had been so occupied with her thoughts, that she had been totally unconscious of his presence. Startled, thinking him an enemy, she was about to spring to her feet when she recognized the boyhood companion of her older brother whom Kiehtan had called to the Happy Hunting Grounds in the Southwest, from which the warm winds blow. Tantaquidgeon then came

forward and seated himself at her side saying:

"Fly not like the little birds."

Covered with confusion, she hastily gathered her flowers, but, before she could rise he laid his hand on her arm saying, "Do not go, little friend; stay and listen to the birds."

Glancing shyly at him Little Bird queried, "But what will my mother say if I linger here alone with you and do not my evening tasks?"

As if to give an opportunity to prolong the meeting, a bird in a tree nearby burst into song so rapturous that they listened spellbound; not speaking, except by the interchange of eloquent glances. As soon as the song was finished, Little Bird gathered up her flowers, saying, "I must not stay longer." Tantaquidgeon, knowing he must not subject her to the embarrassment of being seen alone with him, accompanied her for only a few paces to speak a brief farewell, remarking, "Beautiful was the bird's song, but sweeter to my ears is the voice of his namesake."

With a slight flush, Little Bird walked swiftly toward the wigwam, while young Tantaquidgeon turned in another direction. Neither one had caught a glimpse of a young brave, who had remained concealed a little

distance away among the trees and had watched the interview with scowling face.

When she entered the wigwam, her mother busily preparing the supper glanced at the flowers, but knowing her daughter's love of the woods, asked no questions. Filling a wooden bowl with water and placing the flowers in it, Little Bird began her usual evening tasks, smiling fondly as she glanced at her little sister Bles-ul-gwan, or "Pigeon Wing," who sat in front of her low bed, holding her little wooden doll in her arms and swaying her body back and forth, while she crooned a lullaby:

"Sleep, little one, sleep,
Good spirits are watching o'er thee;
The wind is swaying the tree-tops,
Sweet shall thy slumbers be;
Sleep, little dove, sleep;
Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep."

Voices outside were now heard. Occum, returning from a day of fishing at the weirs near the ford of the Showtuck, was bidding goodnight to Su-ga-yo A-wau'-sseus, or "Black Bear," his son-in-law; for his eldest daughter, Wey-un-goo, or "Bright Moon," with her husband and little papoose, only four moons old, lived in the next wigwam.

The entrance mat was swung aside and the brave, accompanied by his young sons, M'skwonik, or "Red Squirrel," and Kago Meegwon, or "Crow Feather," appeared through the low arch. A little past his prime, his long black hair had been touched slightly with the frosts of past winters; his rugged figure showed evidences of warfare and his face was lined with the hardships and anxieties endured. With a word of greeting to his wife and daughters, Occum turned to the right to leave his dipnets among his weapons and hunting implements.

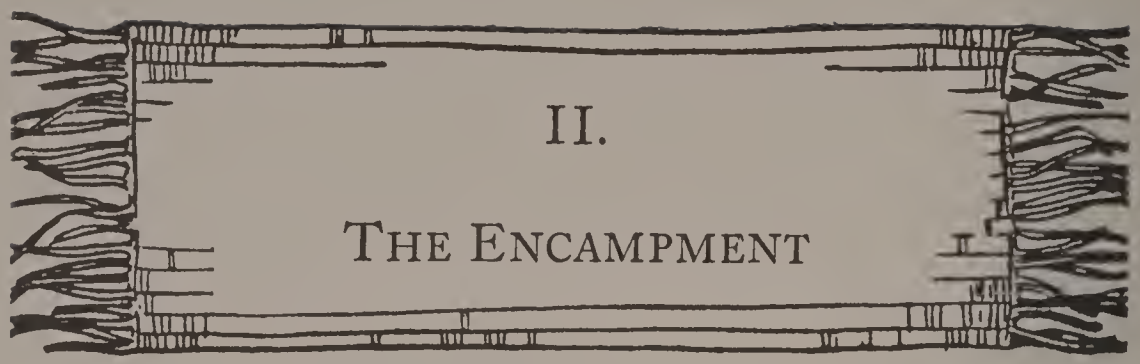
A Wooden Spoon

It was now time for the evening meal so Jeets Bo-dan-sha, or "Bird Flying," took a small portion of the food to throw into the fire for a sacrifice, before she unhooked the clay kettle from the crotched stick and placed it be-

fore her husband and the boys. Little Bird brought the wooden spoons and, after Occum gave thanks for the food, father and sons dipped their spoons again and again into the kettle of stewed fish thickened with ground chestnuts, and ate hungrily of the meal cakes baked in the ashes.

According to custom men and youths ate first, so while waiting for her husband and sons to finish, Jeets Bodansha busied herself about the wigwam. Little Bird began beading a moccasin, a far away expression in her eyes and on her lips a dreamy smile as if she still heard the song of the bird mingled with the lullaby that her little sister was singing softly:

"The wind is swaying the tree-tops,
Sleep, little one, sleep."



II.

The Encampment

These scenes of daily life took place in the home or permanent camp of the Mohegan Indians which was situated on a bluff on the western bank of the Massa-pequot-tuck, or Great Pequot River.* The clearing where the wigwams were pitched was a small, nearly level plain protected on two sides by rather high hills; on the northwest, rising sharply above the camp, was a pointed ridge commanding a wide outlook of the country in all directions and with a picturesque view of the long line of low-lying ranges in the far distance toward the land of the Narragansetts, their enemies.

Here a rude fort had been built by piling rocks against the ledges to form a wall and this was the most western of the three fortresses protecting the settlement. To the west beyond, were low ridges and ravines; to the south, beyond the cornfields, was rolling country, with

*(Thames River.)

one or two conspicuous hills in the distance, not far from the mouth of the river. On the east, the beautiful river curved in and out between the wooded hills so sharply as to appear from certain points like a series of small lakes; about half way to the mouth, one high point sloping close to the edge of the water, made a beautiful background.

All about the clearing were great forests, for Little Bird and Tantaquidgeon lived nearly three centuries ago, before the Palefaces had made their settlements nearer than on the banks of the Quinih-ti-tuck, or Long River,† such a long distance away that the braves were obliged to travel from sunup to sunset to reach it. Three small settlements were a little to the northwest, at the junctions with the Tunxis and the Podunk; and another near the mouth, where the Long River flows into the Little Salt Sea.‡

Scattered at irregular intervals among large oaks and chestnut trees, which had been left to afford some shelter from the noontide heat in summer, were the "wigwoms" or lodges. These varied in type, some being the wigwam of conical shape made by driving ten or more

†(Connecticut River.) ‡(Long Island Sound.)

poles, from twelve to fifteen feet long, into the ground in a circle or oval, with the tops crossed about two feet from the ends and tied with hickory withes or grape vine. The outside was covered with pieces of birch bark laced together in a semi-circular form, so it could be removed and rolled when the brave wished to take his family with him on a long hunt. An opening was left at the top, for the escape of smoke, over the circular stone fireplace in the center.

This was the older style, used when all the tribes were driven from place to place by frequent warfare, or they had no settled homes, but wandered back and forth between their hunting and fishing camps.

The more permanent homes were made from hickory saplings planted upright in the ground, in two straight rows, and the tops bent together to form an arched roof. Smaller saplings placed a foot or two apart horizontally, and lashed to every post held the lodge firmly together. The roof was held in the same way and the whole covered with bark, or mats plaited from rushes, with a curtain of leather or a rush mat hung at the entrance.

While some of the lodges were only twenty

THE INDIAN VILLAGE

feet square and occupied by one family, others were fifty or sixty feet long, with a number of families living under one roof, and having four or five fires in a line down the center. The stone hearths were either round or square. Over them the boiling pots of clay or soapstone were suspended from a crotched stick by a rope of wild hemp, or from a smaller crooked stick used as a hook. Curtains of hides or plaited mats divided the sides into spaces for each family. In the winter extra mats were hung inside the outer walls to keep out the cold.

A third style of lodge belonged to some of the middle-aged couples who, accustomed to the older type, did not like living in the communal houses, yet wished something larger than the conical wigwam. Occum and his wife were among these, so Little Bird, Red Squirrel, Crow Feather and Pigeon Wing lived in an oval wigwam, seventeen and one half feet long and twelve feet wide, built like an arbor. It was almost dome-shaped and the sides were covered with plaited mats. Smaller mats were used on the top and, with the edges overlapping those on the sides, gave the appearance of an overhanging roof.

In the center of the clearing, about a hun-

dred feet back from the river, was the stronghold of the Chieftain. This was surrounded by a palisade, ten or twelve feet high, made of trunks of trees planted in the ground and sharpened at the top for greater protection. A space of five or six feet had been left for an entrance with an overlapping portion extending two or three feet beyond, to conceal the opening; at night, or in case of war, these entrances were piled with rocks and brush for a barricade. A few hundred feet toward the north, where a ledge formed a background, a fort had been built to provide a vantage point in case of attack from the river.

Within the inclosure was the large wigwam of Uncas, the Sachem, with its five fires to accommodate the numerous members of his household. Several smaller wigwams belonged to his brother and other sagamores; and opposite the entrance stood the great Council Lodge, where all the important ceremonies took place. At the left of the path leading to the lodge was a large open space, with a fireplace in the center, which was used for some of the festivities and a few of the ceremonials. At the right of the path, in a small grassy circle stood a large post about six feet high, rudely

carved, with the face painted to represent a brave. Outside of this was a narrow path signifying a trail and here the war dances, which were customary before a battle, took place.

Here in this comfortable village of Shantok, situated in beautiful country not far from the sea, the Mohegans had lived in comparative peace since the end of the great Pequot War, five summers before, when that fierce and always warring nation had been conquered. With the death of Sa-ssa-cus, who was the last Pequot Sachem, his tribe had become extinct, both through losses in the war and by being scattered in subjection to other tribes.

The Mohegans had become one of the leading tribes, with Uncas, a tall robust man in the prime of life and a courageous warrior, as their Sachem.

Not only through conquest had Uncas acquired rights to the land of the Pequots, but through his mother he was directly descended from the line of their sachems. His claims were further strengthened by his marriage with a daughter of Sassacus about ten summers before the war.

Three or four summers before our story opens, he had gained the right to territory west

of the Connecticut River by having married, for his second wife, a daughter of Se-be-quanash, the Sachem of the Ham-mo-nas-setts. He then deeded some of their land to the Paleface colonists, so many of the Hammonassets crossed to the east side of the Long River and increased the number of his warriors.

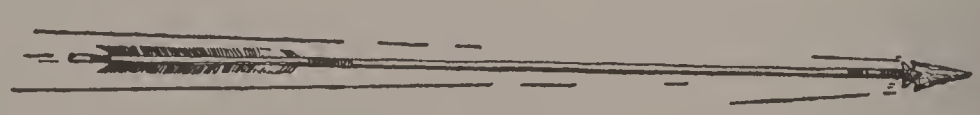
Many of the tribes to the north had become tributary to him and with the one hundred members of the conquered Pequots, whom the magistrates had assigned to him, Uncas had become a very powerful chieftain.

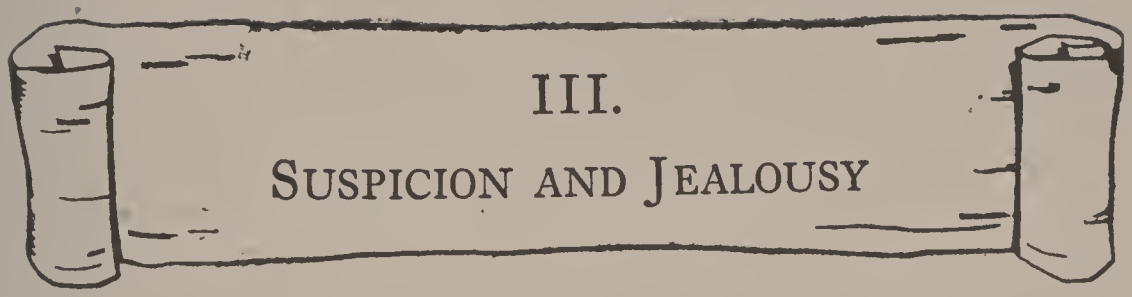
In his early manhood he had rebelled frequently against Sassacus and sought refuge among other tribes. The last time he had fled to the Podunks, and being friendly with the Paleface settlers became their ally. His faithfulness to them during the Pequot War had gained the favor of the colonists; since the conquest he had done everything in his power to keep the peace and benefit by the protection of the magistrates, who looked to him to report any conspiracies among other tribes.

The great power and influence of Uncas had aroused the jealousy of the sachems of other tribes to such an extent that danger was threatening the peace loving Mohegans. Se-quassen,

Chief of the River Indians had been defeated, years before, by the Pequots and, after their overthrow, had hoped to regain, not only his former prestige, but to become more powerful. He therefore hated Uncas with all the bitterness aroused by disappointed ambition. The Narragansetts hated him, partly because he had been a Pequot and also because he had gained control which they wished for themselves. Mi-an-to-no-mo constantly carried complaints about the Mohegans to the Pale-face Governor at Shawmut (Boston) but so far the treaties not to make war upon each other had been observed.

Naturally, there was jealousy among the conquered braves living in his own camp, and enemies, lurking within, were trying to take his life; for one evening, not many moons before, while he was going from one wigwam to another, an arrow had grazed and slightly wounded the arm of the Chieftain. This was considered an omen of more serious trouble to follow.





III.

Suspicion and Jealousy

Soon after the attempt on the life of Uncas, a young Pequot had been found with a large quantity of wampum in his possession and, after being questioned and giving no satisfactory replies, he had secretly stolen away from the camp and placed himself under the protection of Miantonomo. It was believed that he had been bribed by the Narragansetts and had shot the arrow which threatened the life of the Sachem. Fearing that others might be in the conspiracy, the councilors questioned his friends, but they claimed no knowledge of the affair.

Among his associates, was Pup-pom-pogs, the son of a Pequot sagamore of the same name, who had been a brother of Sassacus. The young Puppompogs had an arrogant manner, evidently feeling his superiority in being the nephew of the former Sachem and also a near kinsman of the first wife of Uncas. Both

of them had shown unusual kindness to her young cousin after his father had met an unhappy fate, so he presumed upon his connection with the family of the ruling Chieftain. As several of the young braves had been in the habit of spending their evenings around the campfire of his wigwam, there was some suspicion that he might have been concerned in the conspiracy and uncertainty was expressed as to his loyalty.

As the councilors queried among themselves, one said, "He has no reason to conspire against the Chieftain, who has befriended him and our Sunjum has two sons to succeed him."

"He may hope," continued another, "to rule until the little O-we-ne-co is old enough."

"He knows that Wa-wee-quaw would be the next in succession," declared another. As secret questioning of his followers failed to implicate him, all doubts of his loyalty had been dismissed.

Although his haughty manner made him unpopular among the older men, among the young braves he was a hero; though thirty winters old, he was in the prime of vigor and endurance, and when bearer of important messages, could endure great distances without

A Young Pequot Had Been Found with a Large Quantity of Wampum

fatigue. An expert marksman, it was rarely that anyone equalled his skill in the contest with arrows; in the races he had an opponent in Tantaquidgeon, a handsome youth of twenty summers, who tall, slender and of lighter weight, was rather better fitted for short contests, although with less endurance for long runs. While Puppompogs was a strong swimmer, for swimming was a necessary accomplishment of every brave, the latter

part of the name of his opponent indicated an exceptional ability in the water, as he was also known as Tawa-quidgeon, or the "expert swimmer."

A slight jealousy arose in the heart of Puppompogs when his youthful opponent won in a short running contest and he muttered to himself, "Is it not enough to swim like a fish? Must he also run like a deer? Does he expect to be first in everything?" forgetting for an instant that he himself, had outshot all competitors in a contest only a few suns before and had no reason for feeling chagrin.

Although still young, Puppompogs was somewhat bitter, for Miantonomo had reported to the magistrates at Suckiaug (Hartford) that several of the remaining Pequot sagamores had been guilty of the shedding of English blood. Among them, the name of his father was mentioned and, as Uncas was ordered to execute them, the elder Puppompogs perished in disgrace.

Before the son had recovered from this tragedy, he suffered a greater sorrow for, during the second moon of the last Great Whiteness, his young wife had died and he had laid her away, with their tiny baby clasped in her

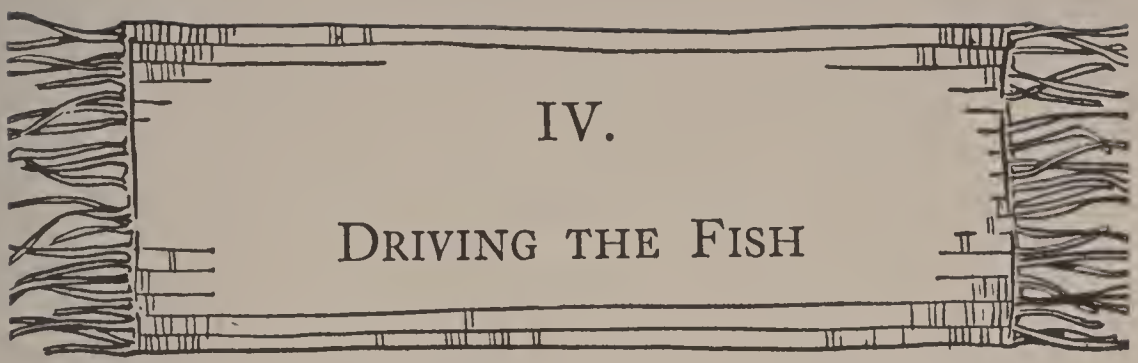
arms, under the white mantle that covered the earth. His wigwam was lonely with only his feeble, sad, old mother to tend his hearth fire. The coming of the springtime, when the brooks, released from the icy grasp of Old Man Winter, rushed rippling over the stones in musical cadences, failed to melt the ice from his heart. Even with the blossoming of the first flowers, he had thought of no maiden whom he wished to ask to sit on a mat beside him; so his only solace was in the triumphs of his skill and defeat only added to his bitterness.

Life had brought no real sorrow or disappointments to the much younger Tantaquidgeon who, with his eagle feathers yet to win, looked upon each contest as training in strength and endurance for the real tests of his future as a warrior. Unconscious of the jealousy of his opponent, he felt only pleasure at the outcome of the race and would have been greatly surprised had he known of the scowling looks with which Puppompogs, sheltered by the trees, had ofttimes watched him.

Following the attack upon the Sachem, there was more than the usual apprehension of a surprise from some enemy; so a larger number of braves gathered round the council fire to

smoke the pipe of loyalty before their departure as scouts, for the trails were guarded more carefully than ever. There was no opportunity for further contests and fortunately Puppompogs was sent with a band who were guarding in the forests toward the sunsetward of the camp, while Tantaquidgeon had been assigned for duty with a group of scouts at the stronghold of Waweequaw, at the head of the Great River, and from there went out to guard the ford of the Showtuck.

With the ceremonial fast before taking the solemn vows for duty and the immediate separation of the contestants afterward, any open enmity on the part of the older brave was prevented for a time.



IV.

Driving the Fish

During the Moon of the Corn Planting many varieties of fish came up from the Great Salt Sea,* beyond Manisses† and Sewen Hackey‡ to spawn in the rivers. Very early one morning, soon after the Sun had parted the curtains of darkness, most of the men, who were not too old to wield the paddle, were astir and began to fill their canoes with their baskets and fibre woven nets.

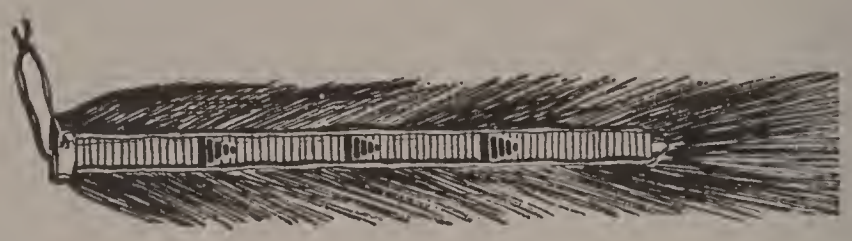
Occum decided to take both boys with him, so he walked across the wigwam to their low beds and grasping both Red Squirrel and Crow Feather by the shoulder, gave each a little shake, saying, "Namakkis, (My Son) the day is born and sleeptime is over, Wake up!"

As they did not move, he added in a louder tone , "G'tu mkish! Ne gita wi piama'g cha." (Get up! I am going to fish.)

At the word piama'g (fish) the boys were awake, threw aside the fur bed coverings and

* (Atlantic Ocean.) † (Block Island.) ‡(Long Island—"Place of Shells.")

sprang up. Dashing for the River they plunged in, and quickly returned. Thrusting their feet into their moccasins, throwing the skin mantles over their shoulders, then with a few hasty



PORCUPINE BRUSH

strokes of the porcupine brush on the tangled hair, their dressing was soon completed.

With a hasty greeting to his mother, who was bending over the fire and stirring corn porridge in a large kettle, Crow Feather rushed past her to the other side, where his father was sorting the articles used for fishing. Pointing to three small dip nets, woven of fibre made from wild hemp, and hung on long poles, Occum remarked:

"Namakkis, take those nets and follow me." Turning to Red Squirrel, who had spent a little more time brushing his hair, he directed him saying:

"Help carry one end of these mats."

Several trips were made from the wigwam before all the necessary baskets and rolls of

mats, woven from withes, were loaded into the dugout.

Then they hurried back for breakfast and, as they squatted around the hearth fire, Jeets Bodansha unhooked the great soapstone kettle and placed it before them. Occum gave thanks and without further ceremony each plunged his wooden spoon into the porridge of corn meal mixed with bits of dried venison. The hearty meal finished, Occum again gave thanks; then he asked Jeets Bodansha to carry a basket of yokeg to the canoe; and adding, "If the fish drive well, we may stay at the fishing camp for two or three sleeps."

As they started his father said, "Son, tell your brother-in-law that we are ready." Red Squirrel ran to the wigwam of his sister, Weyun-goo, or "Bright Moon," but finding it empty, hurried on toward the River.

Some of the dugouts had already started out but Weyungoo's husband, Sugayo Awausseus or "Black Bear," was waiting in his own boat to accompany theirs; Occum told Crow Feather to sit in the middle, while he and Red Squirrel sat at the ends to paddle.

The Sun was beginning to part the cloud curtains of his wigwam, as the paddles dipped and

the canoes glided through the rose and golden tinted waters of the Great River. It was not long before they reached the mouth of the Showtuck and turned under the shadows of the high hill, to glide again into the bright sunlight as they reached the junction with the Quinebaug, where the shad had come to spawn.

Here the dugouts were halted; then the braves assisted each other in unrolling the brushwood mats and weaving them together until the lines were long enough to extend across the river when fastened to upright poles driven into the river bed.

On the previous day Occum and Black Bear, with others of the fishing party, had driven stakes in groups, and surrounded them with the wattled mats. Now, while some of the braves left their canoes to attend to the finishing of the great weir, others began forcing the fish toward the pens.

Although he had been out when they were fishing with lines, Crow Feather was having his first lesson in "driving the fish," and watched eagerly as his father and Black Bear, grasping bushes, plunged them into the water, while Red Squirrel slowly paddled. As the

ON THE WAY TO THE QUINEBAUG RIVER

canoes slowly approached the enclosures the water became tumultous with the leaping of the great number of fish forced into the confining space.

As they neared the shallows Occum shouted, "Boys take your dip nets and stand ready." Soon Black Bear and Red Squirrel jumped into the water and began tossing the fish from the nets into their canoes. As the number lessened, many of the braves threw their nets into the boats and caught the fish by hand.

Crow Feather dived into the shallow water, and swam a few strokes until he could stand, to try his skill at taking fish. Several eluded him but finally success came; holding a shining beauty clasped tightly in his arms, he proudly called to his father and brother, "Namu!" (See!) and waded nearer the boat. As he was about to toss the heavy fish into the canoe he lost his balance and down he went, head first, into the water, striking his face against a rock. Black Bear waded over and pulled him up, with face bleeding and empty handed! When he cried out, "Ne wisogwon!" (I hurt myself!), Red Squirrel began to laugh.

He was quickly silenced by his father, who remarked, "To laugh at the misfortune of another, is as unworthy of a future brave as for your brother to whine over his bad luck."

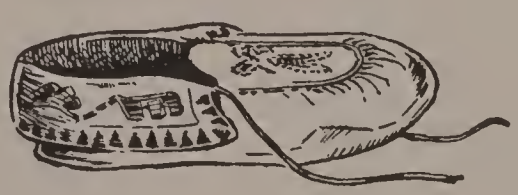
Crow Feather hid the faint quiver of his lips as he bent over to wash the blood from his face, while Red Squirrel, heeding his father's reproof, said kindly, "Nekanis, ni siwa tum." (My Brother, I am sorry.)

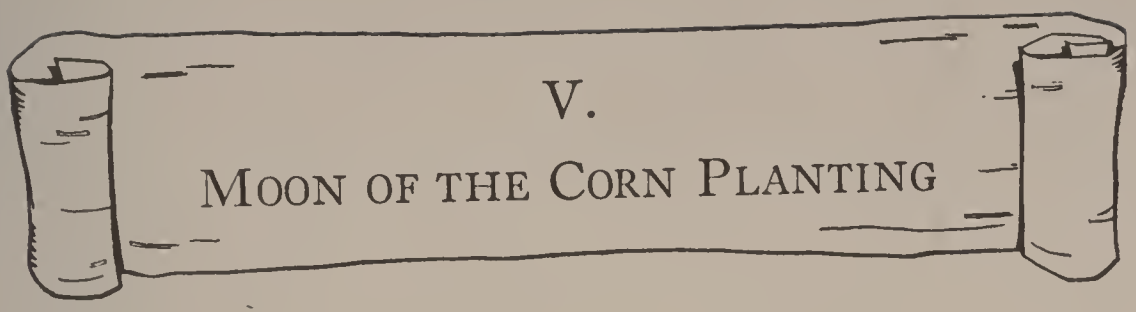
When the canoes were filled, several of the braves decided, as the scouts were guarding the fords near by, to risk a possible surprise from the enemy and remain at the fishing camp

THEY TOSSED THE FISH FROM THE NETS INTO THEIR CANOES

during one or two sleeps. Occum thought it wiser to return with his boys and, as they paddled homeward, he explained to them how an opening was left in the long weir, through which a part of the fish could swim up the stream for spawning, and then back again to the sea. A sufficient number for the use of the tribe would be stopped by the mats obstructing the sides of the river. Then he added, "Remember! For the sake of your children and their children, care must be taken with all kinds of fish, or game, not to deplete the supply."

It had been a long, exciting day and Father Sun had already closed the curtains of his wigwam. By this time little Crow Feather was sound asleep in the bottom of the canoe, and when they landed, the tall stalwart Black Bear, lifting him to his shoulder, carried the drowsy boy through the deepening twilight to the wigwam.





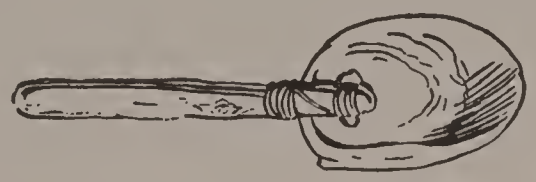
V.

Moon of the Corn Planting

Early in the spring soon after the first peal of thunder, which signified the awakening of life-giving forces after the sleep of winter, the Thunder ceremonies and dance had taken place, to invoke the spirits and guard against drought. The god of Thunder had heard their first appeal to remember the fields with a sufficient amount of moisture, so the ground was well soaked by the heavy spring rains during the following moon, and a second dance had not been necessary.

Jeets Bodansha had been elected chief matron for that season, to direct the planting of the communal fields and to have charge of the cultivation and harvesting; for, although apprehension was felt, the daily routine of living went on as usual.

Now the time appointed for the ceremony of the Corn Planting had arrived, so very early in the morning after the braves had gone outside, the women and children ate their break-



CLAM SHELL SHOVEL

fast and hurriedly finished their simple housekeeping. After helping their mother scour the clay pots with rushes and put the wigwam in order, Little Bird and Pigeon Wing went with her to join the group, gathered in the ceremonial space to observe the ritual of the first planting that season.

Each woman carried a little shovel made by fastening a large clam shell to the end of a stick, and wore a pouch containing the seed corn that had been soaked in its "medicine" made from the roots of helebore, or similar plant.

Following the ritual chant and dance, in which the growing of the wiwat-caman (corn) and its gift to preserve the life of the people were expressed, the Shaman implored the Creator to continue the growth of the corn and gave thanks for past blessings. He then gave to each family, four red kernels to mix with the corn "to give life to the seed" and make it yield an abundant harvest.

The women, led by Jeets Bodansha,

marched around three times, chanting their thanks to Mother Earth. Still chanting, the procession separated into several lines and moved in various directions toward the corn-fields. Meanwhile the warriors, who were joining in the ceremonies—showing by their postures and gestures that they must protect the workers—had taken their positions at the outskirts of the clearing to be a real protection from any lurking foes.

As the corn was held in reverence as a gift from the Creator, before general planting could begin, the ceremonial must be observed of planting the seven sacred hills to be kept separate as an offering at the harvest feast; while the others chanted the ritual song, and took part in the dance representing each motion of planting, the seven women who had been chosen, prepared and planted the sacrificial hills in unison to the rhythm of:

"Oh Mother Earth, guard these kernels so fair
As in thy bosom we drop them with care;
With footprints we cover them out of our sight
Until Father Sun brings green leaves to light."

Special emphasis was placed upon the foot-prints, as they were the symbol by which the planter identified her hills and of the work accomplished.

Then all set to work planting the communal fields; busily making the hills, digging the small holes and carefully planting the kernels, so as not to break the germs which had nearly burst through. In every seventh hill the seeds of the squash or beans, were planted. The work was accompanied by singing and laughter, for gaiety enlivened the general planting. The communal fields covered a large area as they were for the benefit of the Sachem, who had many visitors and custom demanded that food must be placed before every guest no matter how brief his stay. Corn from these fields was furnished also to those who through sickness or old age were unable to plant for themselves.

While the young girls were not expected to work hard, after they were seven winters old they were taught how things should be done. Wishing to know how much Little Bird remembered from the last season, Jeets Bodansha turned to her and said:

"Natanis, tell your little sister when the corn must be planted."

"As soon as the earth has dried after the spring rains," began Little Bird, "and the blossoms of the shad-bush flutter in the breeze, and the trees show the pale green of coming leaves, the ground must be dug with the crooked sticks and shell shovels, to break up the hard surface and prepare it for planting. The fields must be ready when the Moon of the Corn Planting hangs her crescent in the sky, for corn must be planted, 'when the leaf of the dog-wood is the size of a squirrel's ear,' and 'the first leaves on the oak are as large as his foot.' It also 'must be planted with the growing moon.'"

"Why wouldn't it grow better if planted when the moon was big and round?" queried Pigeon Wing.

As her sister did not seem to know the answer, the mother explained, "If the corn is not planted until the moon grows large, it does not have a chance to sprout until the waning moon is ready to draw the mantle of darkness around her; and it is said that young corn will not grow in the dark."

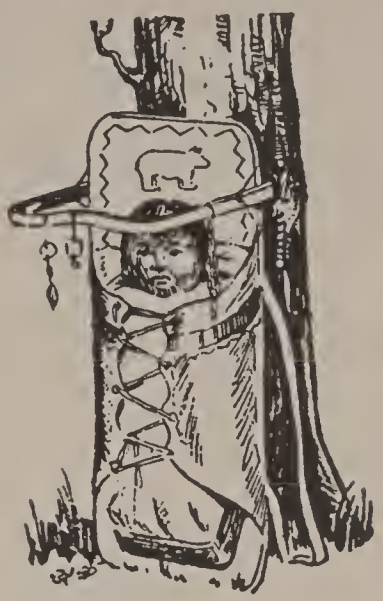
By this time the mother and daughter had dug a row of small holes about a pace apart, so Little Bird took the birch bark basket filled with munna-whatte-aug — (menhaden)—and

showed her how a munnawhat—(menhaden)—must be placed in each hole, to make the wiwat-caman grow and have the kernels large and sweet.

The mother followed, burying each fish with a light sprinkling of earth; then Little Bird handed a small basket to Pigeon Wing and showed her how to count four grains of corn and place them in each hole, telling her, "Take care that they do not touch one another."

When the Sun had made about one-half his journey on the sky trail and was nearly overhead, Jeets Bodansha sent the girls to sit in the shade of a great pine tree where Bright Moon had left her little papoose in his cradle board, which was standing upright against the tree trunk. Little Bird unlaced the buckskin wrappings and lifted him to her lap; then unwrapping his doeskin blanket, laid him on the soft pine needles that covered the ground. There he lay, kicking his little feet and lifting them high in the air; cooing and reaching out his tiny hands as he saw Wickwu-skessu (a robin) hopping about on the limb overhead.

Several young girls came to join them, among others White Flower and also little Anitassis, or "Humming Bird," who was the spe-



BRIGHT MOON'S PAPOOSE IN HIS CRADLE BOARD

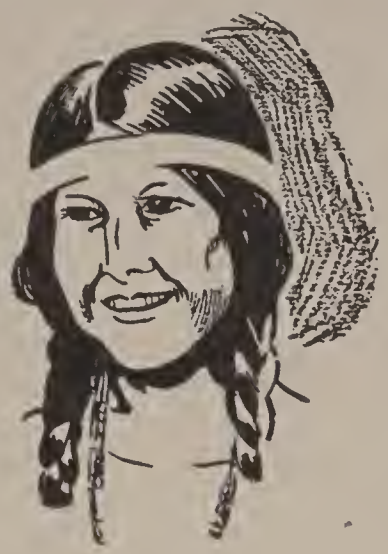
cial friend and playmate of Pigeon Wing. Although Humming Bird was a few moons older (as she would reach her eighth summer in the Moon of the Strawberries) she appeared younger. She was a sprightly little girl and darted about as swiftly as the little birds for whom she was named, and found it very hard to observe the decorous manners that were considered proper, as she was the daughter of Waweequaw and own niece to the Sachem.

While the little girls played with the baby, the older girls admired the decorations on the cradle board. There were many exclamations of, "How pretty!" for Bright Moon had embroidered the buckskin bands with quill work

of red, white and black, in intricate patterns representing women, stars and flowers. On the bow protecting his head, were hung strings of wampum, and ornaments of bone and shells to tinkle for his amusement, when they were stirred by the breezes. His father had fashioned the backboard with great care, and with other decorations on the top and footrest, had carved a wolf and bear, the symbols of his tribe and clan.

One by one, the girls had joined their mothers or other friends, until Little Bird was left alone with her friend. Then White Flower told of an incident at the spring that morning. As no one had appeared while they were filling their birch bark pails, her mother, intent upon finishing her housekeeping in time for the ceremonial, had hurried ahead; forgetting, perhaps, that her daughter's admirer had not gone with the other scouts, but had been reserved for relief duty.

White Flower was following a little distance behind, when the youth stepped from back of a tree and had drawn her in the shadow of its protecting trunk; with his mantle grasped in his hands, he had thrown his arms about her shoulders, so both were wrapped closely in its

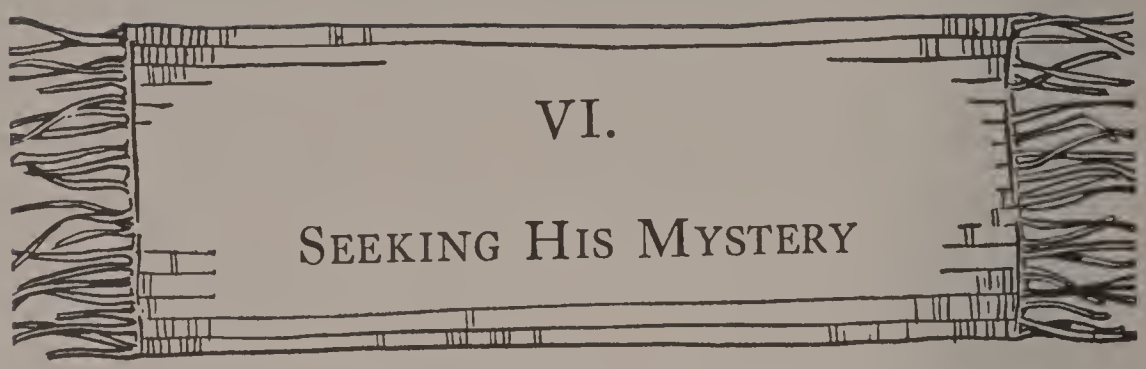


LITTLE BIRD

folds for an instant, while he murmured a phrase of endearment.

As declarations of love were frowned upon until a young brave was ready to carry presents to a maiden and her father, to arrange a marriage, she had protested; but he had pleaded the excuse of being sent, without much warning, for scout duty, to remain away for an indefinite time.

The blushes of White Flower as she related the tender episode, found a reflection in the cheeks of Little Bird, as she thought of another scout guarding the far away fords. Too shy to mention it, she smiled happily as she thought of the few moments on the trail, when she and Tantaquidgeon had listened to the birds.



VI.

Seeking His Mystery

Red Squirrel, born in the Moon of the Singing Frogs, had now passed his fifteenth winter. When he spoke, the voice of a man was heard in his throat, so boyhood was over. Shortly before one sleeptime, when they were alone in the wigwam, Occum called his boy to him and remarked solemnly:

"Namakkis (My Son) you have come to the age of understanding. Before many more suns pass, you must go out alone, fasting, to seek for your Mystery. Here is a large new bow and some arrows. Remember, no matter how hungry you are, you must not use them for obtaining food."

Silently, the youth received the weapons for the test of his endurance, and concealed them in the space reserved for his belongings; then wishing perhaps to hide the apprehension he felt for the lonely ordeal which he must undergo, he went outside and disappeared among the trees, delaying his return until too late to have any conversation with the family.

Red Squirrel wakened early and quietly rose; brushing his hair and adjusting the skin mantle, his leggins and moccasins, he was ready; he drew forth the bow and arrows from their hiding place and lifted the rush mat at the entrance, as the first dawning light in the east showed that Father Sun had commenced to part the curtains of his wigwam.

Occum, wakened by the faint rustle, opened his eyes to see his son disappear through the opening, but he made no sign, for when making a fast, a youth must go unobserved; if met by chance, could not be spoken to, or given any directions as to where he might find the object through which he would receive the mysterious power that would put him in touch with the universe and control his future life.

Swiftly he walked toward the forest. If any other early riser saw him as he passed the outlying wigwams, no one accosted him. On he wandered, penetrating deeper into the forest and thinking of his future; hoping for long life; good health; success in hunting; for honors in war; for escape from injury in battle. At intervals he chanted a prayer for help, but not daring to ask for any special favor.

Meantime the camp was astir. Finding that

his brother had gone out, Crow Feather went outside to look for him. When he did not return in time for the morning meal, the young boy inquired, "Nannang (My Mother), where is my brother?"

"Perhaps he has gone out to hunt for squirrels with some of the boys, or he may have gone to see the Shaman," she replied.

"He always waits until after we eat."

Occum, hoping that no harm would come to his boy in the lonely vigil, remained silent, giving no sign that he knew the reason for his absence.

While the Sun was making his journey on the sky trail, all were busy with their tasks, and the children with their play. Even at the evening meal the absence of Red Squirrel was not particularly remarked, but when sleeptime came, Pigeon Wing remarked, "Why doesn't my brother come home?"

"He may be hurt," added Little Bird with an anxious expression.

As Occum had expressed no displeasure at the continued absence, Jeets Bodansha suspected that her older son had gone to seek the vision for his protection—the Mystery which would give him strength in time of danger.

While neither expressed their thoughts both parents lay down on their skin beds with heavy hearts, as in thought they followed their son through the dense forest, with dangers from wild beasts lurking on every side and with the evil powers of darkness to frighten him.

Red Squirrel had roamed on and on, absorbed in his thoughts. At times he turned aside, climbing the high ledges to obtain a more distant view, for his vision might be a feather, falling from the wing of a bird in its flight. He often kept his gaze to the ground where the early summer flowers covered the earth with a soft mat; or his penetrating glance sought for tiny creatures which might be hidden under the tender foliage of young shrubs. As an occasional snake wriggled across his path, he hoped that a serpent would not be seen in his vision, for it was an evil omen, and, at best, would mean a life filled with misfortune.

While he wandered, Father Sun climbed higher and higher and then began his westward journey toward his wigwam. As the shadows lengthened, a rabbit scurried by and Red Squirrel, craving for food, raised his bow

and bent it, preparing to speed an arrow. He realized the temptation and jerked away his right hand.

The birds came homing back to their nest; for a time his hunger was forgotten as he listened to their evening songs and sleepy twittering as they settled down brooding the precious eggs beneath them.

Twilight came. Oppressed by loneliness, strange shadows seemed to lurk behind the bushes. With every nerve strained, he crept with bow drawn, alert for combat with wild beasts or treacherous foes. He remembered the tales that he had heard related at the hearth fire during the long winters. He feared meeting the Makia Wisag, or "Little People," who would point their fingers at him, so he would be unable to see them as they went about their pranks.

Darkness fell. He feared the Jibai, or "ghosts," who appeared at night making frightful, unusual noises, while they helped their friends on earth or inflicted punishment on their enemies. He feared the dreadful, evil spirits, all the supernatural powers of darkness. His noiseless steps sounded loud to his strained hearing. Exhausted by fright and weariness,

he sank under the shelter of some bushes. Soon came merciful sleep.

When Red Squirrel did not appear after Father Sun had made a second journey, Crow Feather, trying to conceal his quavering voice remarked, "My brother left his bow and arrows and perhaps a bear has killed him."

The boy looked so troubled that his father decided to allay his fears: "Namakkis," he began, " your brother has a new bow with sharp arrows. He has taken them with him."

"Where has he gone?"

"I do not know, because he is seeking his Mystery. You will seek for yours, when you are older."

"When is he coming home?"

"Not until after two more sleeptimes. You must not ask him where he has been or what he has seen. You must not speak to him about his absence."

"Why not, Nuc?"

"Because his fast is sacred. Ask no more questions, Namakkis."

While the Sun made another journey, Red Squirrel wandered in the forest, wrapped in thought; unmindful of the songs of birds, the

chattering of the squirrels, or of the creeping things as they slid away frightened by his step. Occasionally, aroused by a sharp rattle, he sprang aside as he spied a snake in his path, coiled ready to strike. To overcome his fears of the terrors surrounding him, he chanted the usual prayer for help; when darkness came he sank down, faint from fasting and overcome by fatigue. Holding his bow closely, to be in readiness if awakened by the approach of any lurking foes, he fell asleep. Looking for food, the little four-footed animals sniffed at his moccasins, but, scenting possible danger, scurried away; after the curtains of night had been drawn aside, a doe with two fawns stopped near him to feed.

When he, at last, awoke, the Sun was round above his head. Feeling faint and light-headed as he rose, he wandered slowly and finally turned back toward the east, thinking if he journeyed farther he would be unable to reach home after another sleeptime of fasting. Attracted by the ripple of water flowing over a stony bed, he turned aside to quench his thirst and bathe his aching head at a small brook. Too weak to journey longer, he lay down on a mossy bank to rest and, lulled by the murmur,

A Black Bear, Hunting for Prey, Sniffed at Him

sank into a quiet so profound that he seemed scarcely to breathe. A black bear, hunting for prey, sniffed at him. But he lay so utterly relaxed with outstretched arms, unconscious of her muzzle nosing about him, that the old bear, believing him dead, strolled leisurely away.

There he lay; while the shadows lengthened; while the cloud wigwams above the treetops grew rosy, as the Sun drew his curtains more closely; while the shadows deepened into darkness; while the stars gleamed, as they journeyed along their dusky trail.

Sometimes he sighed, as if troubled; but what dreams of ill omen, or visions of future good, passed his mental vision were secrets never to be divulged.

In the trance-like quiet he lay, until the sunbeams, filtering through the dense foliage, lighted the closed lids. They opened wide; in his eyes an expression of awe and wonderment,

aroused by the dream vision. He half raised and supported himself by his right elbow sunk into the moss. Turning his face, he placed his left hand to his ear as if to hear a faint, far-away call. He listened spellbound. Then, as if to fix it firmly in his memory, he repeated the cadence in low, musical tones. A look of rapture overspread his face. He had found his Mystery!

He rose slowly and turned toward the brook. Renewing his strength with a long draught of the clear, cool water, he waited awhile for the giddiness to pass away before starting on his return. Although upheld by his vision, he walked but slowly. By the time he had reached the wigwam, Jeets Bodansha was preparing the evening meal and an appetizing aroma arose from the clay kettle suspended over the fire.

Red Squirrel, exhausted from the long fast, without speaking, sank down by the hearth to warm himself. His mother, taking a small ladle dipped it into the pot and passed him some of the hot broth, made from jerked venison and thickened with ground chestnuts. He ate a few mouthfuls and, too weary to keep awake, went to his rude bed, covering himself

with the warm pelts. When the others came in, he was sleeping soundly.

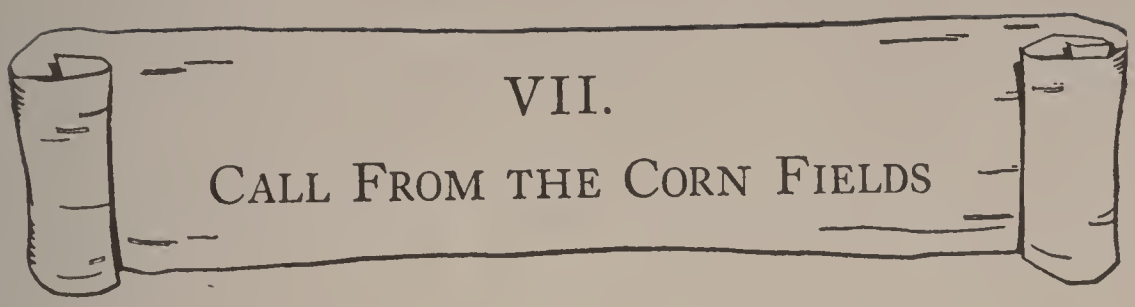
As Occum and his sons sat about the hearth for the morning meal, no mention of his absence was made; neither did his father make any suggestions about taking him for fishing, for custom ruled his habits at this time.

For the duration of four sleeps, Red Squirrel remained at home, resting quietly, lost in contemplation, saying little and eating lightly. At the fourth Sun-up, taking his bow and arrows and a small quantity of yokeg, or parched corn, in his pouch, he set out on his quest for the living embodiment of that which he had seen in his vision. Had he mentioned the object of his search, he would have forfeited his right to it.

His mother watched the preparation for his departure with a heavy heart, not knowing how far his quest would take him, or for how long a time. If it were for one of the more common animals, his journey would be brief; but if he sought a feather from the wing of a bird not returned from its flight from the south, or if a plant, that had not forced its tender buds into bloom, a few sleeptimes might lengthen into moons before her loved son could return.

Whatever it might be, he must search until it was found. If living, it must be slain; then the whole or part of it, preserved and wrapped in a small skin, must be kept throughout his whole life, as a secret symbol of the power which united him with the universe. Never to be mentioned lightly, worn only upon ceremonial occasions, or as protection when going into battle. In times of danger, a warrior might wear the symbol painted on his body, or for a decoration on his mantle, during a ceremonial.

In mute farewell, Jeets Bodansha stood watching Red Squirrel, as with alert and springing step, he started on his quest with eager hopes.



VII.

Call From the Corn Fields

During the absence of the warriors the general planting had been completed. Then each woman prepared the plots near her wigwam for the use of her own family. On the day of the planting, although there were no elaborate ceremonials, it was customary for all the family to be present. Before she ventured to bury the precious seeds, she went to the middle of her plot and offered a brief prayer, saying:

"Great Spirit, behold me and my children; Father Sun, shine with warmth; may the Thunder God send gentle rains; may the South Wind blow softly; Mother Earth, be gracious and grant an abundant harvest, that my children may have food."

The children assisted in the work; in every few hills, squash seeds were planted with the corn and in others, beans were placed so the vines could twine their tendrils about the corn stalks.

After a few sleeps came the season for the ritual to be observed when the corn had sprung

up; then the women, and all the men who were not engaged in the daily fishing, gathered in the square for the preliminary dance and chant of the Call from the Corn Fields.

The words and postures represented the faint calls of the sprouting corn as it neared the light. When the feeble shoots broke through the earth and "entered into life," the call became so clear that, as the dance ended, the braves went to the outer edges of the fields to act as guards. The older men joined the groups of women, still singing the refrain, as led by Jeets Bodansha, they moved in the direction of the planted grounds.

When they reached the place, each woman looked for her own footprints on the hills, as they passed between the rows; when the first little green shoots were seen, in unison they began the chant that represented the corn as speaking:

"We, the little green leaves
Up from the earth's dark night
Have pushed our feeble way
Into the morning light.
The light, the light,
Light, light,
The morning light.

Soon to grow tall and strong
And rustle in the breeze;
Soon to wear a tassled plume
Among the waving leaves.
The leaves, the leaves,
The leaves,
The waving leaves."

During the postures which symbolized the growing and waving of the corn, all the rows had been inspected; as indications were seen that every hill was showing signs of life, the groups turned in the direction of the lodges, chanting a little song of rejoicing as they went home:

"Happy are we who planted
Our labor has not been vain,
For great will be the harvest
If the clouds bring gentle rain.
Happy are we,
We, we, we,
Happy are we,
Are we,
Are we!"

The chant ended as the ceremonial space was reached, the groups separated and each family returned to their wigwam.

As the Sun had not completed half of his

journey across the sky trail, Jeets Bodansha decided to spend the rest of the time in caring for her wigwam, as it was nearly time for one of the great feasts of the summer, when many visitors would come to the village.

First of all, she called Little Bird and Pigeon Wing, telling them, "Natanis, take the rush mats from in front of your beds and spread them in the hot sunshine; then hang your doe-skin bed covers on the bushes; when that is done, my little dove may take her doll papoose and go play with Anitassis, while sister helps me."

Then the mother and daughter took the rest of the skins and rush mats, which were used for seats, from the earthen floor and spread them on the grass outside.

There was no furniture except the low beds, made by driving four crotched sticks into the ground, to hold the poles forming the frame-work, over which was fastened the woven cov-ering of reeds or willows. On this, skins were laid for the bed and, according to the season, fur robes or thin, undressed skins were used for coverings.

Near each bed stood the boxes of birch bark or plaited rushes to hold the clothing and per-

sonal belongings; the smaller boxes, decorated with beads were used for strings of wampum, belts, armlets or the bone ornaments. Hanging on the frame work of the wigwam, by a thong tied to the wooden handle, were the hair brushes made from porcupines' tails.

Although there were no real divisions in the oval wigwam, to each person was assigned some space into which no one else was expected to intrude. A small, unoccupied place was left at each side of the entrance, and the first division beyond, at the right, where he could guard his family, belonged to the father. Here he kept, not only his ornaments, his mantles, leggins and moccasins, but also his weapons of warfare and of the chase.

The next division belonged to the mother for her personal possessions and beyond, where they could be guarded carefully from all harm, were the sleeping quarters of the girls. When guests were present, the part opposite the entrance and back of the hearth, was assigned to them, being considered the place of honor because farthest from danger.

At the left were the bunks for Red Squirrel and Crow Feather and in the space nearest the left of the entrance, were packed the cooking

pots of soapstone and clay, the boxes of bark and rushes containing the corn, the dried berries, the roots and herbs for medicines, the baskets, birch bark water pails and whatever was necessary for the routine of housekeeping was kept here. In a conspicuous place stood the large mortar for grinding the corn; this had been carved by Occum in the early days of their home; with it were the wooden bowls and spoons.

When all the mats and skins had been carried outside, Jeets Bodansha said, "Natanis (My Daughter), I will help you move your large case, then you must brush your part of the floor and put all of your clothing in order."

Then the mother moved the rest of the bark packing cases and brushed the earth floor under each low bed with a broom made of birch twigs; meanwhile, she glanced at Little Bird, who seemed to be working half-heartedly.

Finally she remarked, "Natanis, you are almost a woman and it will not be many moons before some lover may come wooing. Would any brave wish a wife who folded his mantle so carelessly, or left dust, or bones carried there by the dogs, under the dark corner of his bed?"

THE OVAL WIGWAM

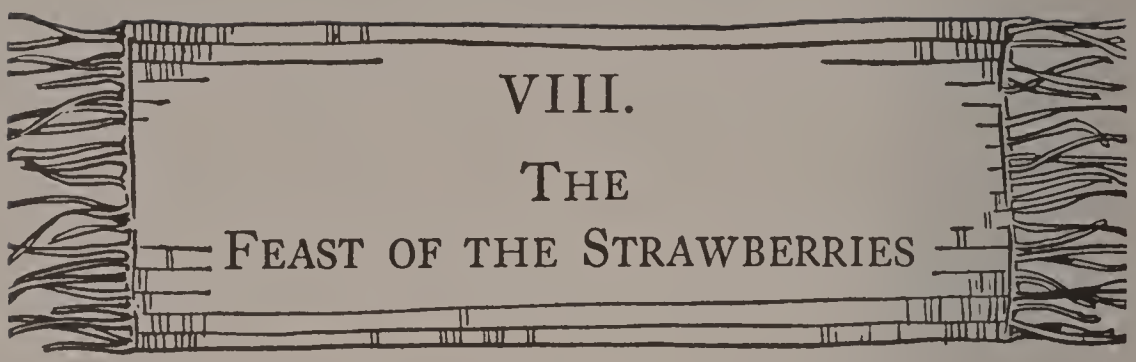
Following her mother's reproof, Little Bird carefully refolded her garments, arranged her armlets and other trinkets in the birch bark cases that she had beaded. When the neglected floor had been finished, she went to the space used for the cooking utensils and helped her mother move the large dakwang (mortar) that her father had carved from a pepperidge knot. It stood nearly as high as her knees and the outside, a little below the center, had been tapered inward in sections; thus shaping the lower part of the bowl, forming a base and connecting them with straight handles. Around the top of the base were carved radiating lines of irregular length, a design possibly suggested by the rays from Father Sun. Inside the hollowed bowl was the gwansnag (long stone) the pestle for grinding, which was "as long as an Indian's forearm."

When every space had been thoroughly brushed, Jeets Bodansha swept the dust into the central fire. After the hearth stone had been brushed with the wing from a wild turkey, the mats and skins were brought in and the wigwam put in order. She ended the little song with which her work had been lightened and breathed a sigh of relief because her clean-

DAKWANG, OR MORTAR

ing was finished and she could go to Bright Moon's wigwam and play with her little grandson.

Little Bird, taking her beadwork, sat down outside the wigwam to watch for Pigeon Wing. She dreamily pushed the threads of sinew through the skin with her sharp bone awl and, as the birds began their sleeptime songs, her lips curved in a tender smile. Were the words which Tantaquidgeon had spoken, mingled with the melody?



VIII.

The Feast of the Strawberries

Following the season of the corn planting came the Moon of the Strawberries, when nature is at her greatest beauty in the vicinity of the Great River. The bloom of the dogwood had been followed by the blush of wild roses along the river bank and the air was fragrant with their delicate perfume, mingled with that of the luscious wild strawberries, which grew in profusion.

Several times while the Sun made his circuit of the sky, the women and children had been in the fields and sunny spaces in the woods gathering the delicious berries. It was great sport for Pigeon Wing and the younger helpers, for their lips and cheeks bore evidence that fully as many berries found their way between their rosy lips as went into the little birch bark baskets. All that could not be eaten were spread on rawhides, on top of low scaffolds out of reach of the dogs, to be dried for winter

use, for they gave a delicate flavor when stirred into the corn meal for breakfast, or mixed in the cakes which were baked in the ashes.

When the full moon hung in the sky and the berries were at their largest and sweetest, invitations were painted on small pieces of the delicate inner bark of the white birch and sent to the members of the tribe living in the forest villages to come and join in the yearly Feast of the Strawberries. The occasion had a religious significance for thanks were given for the abundant crop of the first fruits of the season; it was also an invocation to Mother Earth, and the spirits of the Sun, the Winds, and the Rain to be propitious to the crops that had been planted recently, and bring a good harvest.

Besides having the ceremonial side, it was also a time of rejoicing; for individual families might make it a convenient time to celebrate the cutting of a first tooth or the first steps taken by a boy; for every period of growth in the life of a young, future warrior was marked by a celebration. Often some maiden of the marriageable age of fifteen or sixteen summers would give a Maiden's Feast to testify to her carefully guarded innocence and purity. Youthful warriors gave a similar feast show-

ing that they had never spoken in courtship to a girl, for it was considered rather weak for a brave to speak words of love until he had gained distinction in the chase, showing that he could provide for a wife, or had won some honors in battle.

For some days the older women had been grinding extra quantities of corn, or parching it before grinding, to make yokeg, which was considered a special dainty when sprinkled with maple sugar.

Very early in the morning on the day of the Feast, some of the women and girls went out to gather a fresh supply of berries, while others remained at home to bake the bread of corn meal mixed with fresh berries and to prepare the piamang for baking, either in the hot ashes or on scaffolds of green saplings over the coals.

Meanwhile the braves were arranging their holiday dress and the young bachelors were paying especial attention to the adornment of their hair. There was a great variety in the styles, for the heads were shaven in accordance with the rules of the clan to which they belonged. Some wore their hair long; or long on one side, with the other side shaven; others

had their hair in tufts with the bare scalp showing between. Another style showed the head shaven, except for a narrow strip of hair extending from the forehead to the nape of the neck.

All were busy, dressing their hair with bear's grease and making it smooth and glossy with repeated strokes of a porcupine brush. Those with the strip of hair stiffened theirs with a mixture of paint added to the oil, and brushed it to stand upright when it dried. Then each adorned his locks with the number of feathers to which he was entitled. For this gala occasion only a few strokes of paint were sparingly used for the decoration of their faces. They selected their best moccasins, the mantles of feathers, or those of thin skins elaborately painted or embroidered with quills and wampum; then each chose, or wore all his armlets, strings of wampum, necklaces of bones or shells, and decorated his ears with ornaments of bone.

Notwithstanding all the preparations, the women had found time to adorn themselves, first painting their own and the faces of the children. Their most gaily decorated clothing was selected, the long skirts held in place with

the best wampum belts, and their ornaments were not forgotten.

All of the guests arrived quite early, carried their presents to the Sachem and shortly before the Sun was round above, the Shaman appeared in the mask and mantle suitable for the festival and the brief religious ceremonies took place.

Then some of the braves squatted about on mats, talking with their guests, telling stories, gravely discussing the possibilities of future treachery, or playing games of dice, according to their individual temperaments. The younger men followed the group of maidens and chaperones to attend the next ceremonial. Among them were Tantaquidgeon and Puppompogs, for some of the scouts had been released from duty and their places filled by others.

An invitation had been extended by Little Bird to her girl friends to participate in a Maiden's Feast. She had now put on the bitkaz, or long dress of womanhood, indicating that she had reached a marriageable age; this occasion signified not only her own innocence but that of the girls who attended. The girls gathered in secluded place about a large rock which served as an altar, where each could, separately, lay

PUPPOMPOGS

her offering; seated in a large circle about them were the elderly women, who acted as chaperones. Standing a little aside were the young bachelors, who were allowed to witness the ceremony.

Among those present was Morning Glory, a handsome girl, at whom some of the women looked askance on account of her bold manners with the young braves. The unfortunate girl had lost her father in the Pequot War and her mother had died two or three years later, when she had reached the age when a girl most

needs her mother's guidance. She had been left to the care of an aunt, with a large family, who paid little attention, except to instruct her about her tasks. As Morning Glory laid her offering on the altar, the more suspicious women expected to see it, in some way rejected, or that someone would raise an objection. When nothing happened one old matron whispered, "If she does not take more care of her behavior, no one will invite her again."

When Little Bird modestly advanced to lay her offering on the stone, Tantaquidgeon compressed his lips as he thought of the ill fortune of having no opportunity to engage in warfare, winning distinction as a brave, and giving him the privilege of carrying marriage offerings to a maiden and her father. He must refrain from any marked attentions and perhaps see the girl whom he most cared for, won by another.

When the birch bark trays containing maple sugar and berries were passed about, Puppompogs with a malicious glance at Tantaquidgeon began conversation with Little Bird. Smarting with anger, the younger brave commenced to jest with the altogether too willing Morning Glory. Not understanding the reason, his hostess felt hurt at his lack of friendliness

toward herself, and proudly concealed any interest that she might modestly have shown. This only added to the chagrin from which he was suffering, and as they returned down the trail, Tantaquidgeon ardently wished for more warfare with an opportunity for showing bravery and winning honors.

After they rejoined the groups gaily conversing or playing games near the Council Lodge, it was decided to spend the time intervening before the feast, with a ball game played by the younger men. The older braves left their quiet amusements to witness the more exciting one. This proved to be a sharply contested game, that enhanced the jealous rivalry already existing between Puppompogs and Tantaquidgeon.

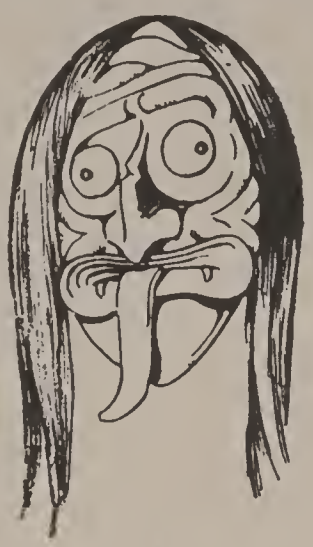
The women had shown their guests to the places of honor in the wigwams and, while the final preparations of the food were in progress, discussed the merits of their children, or designs for beadwork.

The children with their young visitors, hung about begging their mothers for pieces of the maple sugar which were being unpacked from the birch bark cases. Finally, Jeets Bodansha said emphatically:

"No more sugar! You children will be sick! My Son, take your friends and your puppy and go out and play." Then turning to Pigeon Wing, "Little Daughter, you and the girls must take your doll papooses and sit under the oak tree where I can see you."

As soon as Crow Feather went outside he gave a peculiar whistle; immediately his friends came running from all directions and, after a few words, the boys disappeared over the bank by the river. Meanwhile Pigeon Wing and her little friends mothered their dolls, the women continued the cooking and conversation, and all was peaceful.

Angry shouts, mingled with the yelping of dogs were heard! The mothers rushed out; looking over the bank, they found that, as usual, Crow Feather was in mischief! He had separated the boys into two bands and was directing a sham battle from the stories that he had heard related by the old braves who had fought against the Pequots. Having broken some twigs from a pine tree he had fastened them in his hair for feathers and was impersonating Uncas; he had designated his chum Weemo Skee-sucks (Little Bright Eyes) to represent Sassacus, the slain Pequot Sachem. All



MEDICINE MAN'S MASK

had gone well until one of the boys, who was impersonating one of the conquered tribe, refused the indignity of being scalped—and the sham battle became a real one with fists between the two boys. The yelps of the dogs and shouts of the rest of the boys, whether urging them on or trying to make peace, added to the tumult.

A few emphatic words from the mothers with threats of, "No Feast," followed by directions to plunge into the water to wash away the marks of warfare, brought the youthful would-be warriors up the bank in very subdued and chastened attitudes. Crow Feather, lagging behind, came last of all, but Jeets Bodansha awaited him and, grasping his shoulder, exclaimed:

"Namakkis, what bad spirit has possessed you that you dared to impersonate the Sunjum (Sachem)? It was not respectful! Suppose he had seen you! You must try to be a good boy, or some misfortune will overtake you!"

In a frightened voice Crow Feather said, "Oh, Nannang, don't tell the Chief! I didn't mean to be naughty. We were playing war, and I knew that the Sunjum directed the battle."

But forgetfulness had brought hard punishment upon little Weemo; for far worse than imitating the Sachem, was the wickedness of impersonating one who had gone on the Long Trail to the abode of Kiehtan in the spirit world.

His mother shivered with apprehension as she exclaimed, "Namakkis, how dared you! Why did you let him lead you into such wrong doing?"

Carrying sacrifices to propitiate the evil spirits, he was taken to the Shaman. The medicine man put on his most horrible mask, chanted weird songs and uttered fierce yells to scare away the harmful spirits. The greatest punishment of all for the frightened boy came when the Shaman told him, "You cannot at-

HE CHANTED WEIRD SONGS AND UTTERED FIERCE YELLS

tend the Feast! You must stay alone in my wigwam."

The Feast was ready and the braves sat on the mats, while before them were placed the wooden trays containing the baked fish, that had been cut in portions with knives of sharpened flint. The meal cakes were piled in wooden bowls and, to accommodate the extra guests, the yokeg, sprinkled with maple sugar, was served in the wooden mortars and into each a number of braves were expected to dip

their wooden spoons. Some birch bark trays were filled with strawberries and others contained maple sugar.

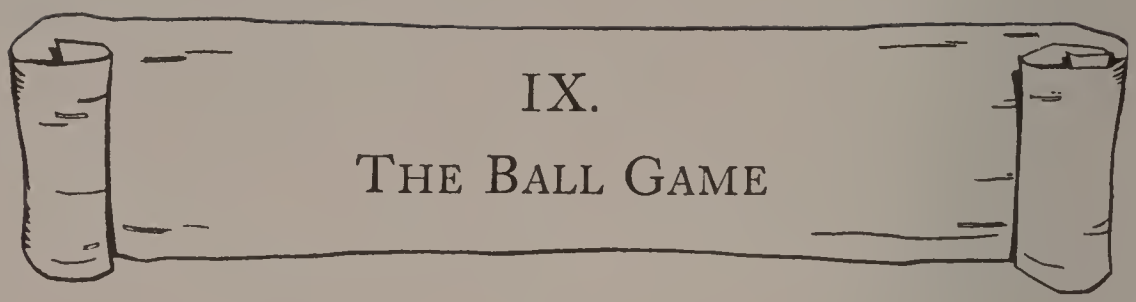
Before anyone had been served, each woman took some of every kind of food that she had prepared, and sprinkled it on the fire as a sacrifice. Then Uncas gave thanks to Mother Earth and, according to custom, went to one side and sat down, smoking his long decorated pipe while the braves partook of the feast to which he had invited them.

As the women were moving about refilling the trays with food there was an occasional opportunity for a youthful brave to give an eloquent glance or whisper a fervent greeting to some maiden whom he admired. Little Bird leaned over to place a tray before her father; Tantaquidgeon, who was sitting beside him, breathed softly, "Whenever I hear a bird trilling his evening song, I seem to see a beautiful maiden sitting with her lap full of flowers."

A slight flush was the only sign that she had heard, but Puppompogs who was sitting near by had noted the moving lips and the answering flush. Rankling with jealousy over his defeats in the springtime contest, and in the ball game just ended, he thought, "Huh! He is

beginning to love the girl! Now I know how to get even with him! He cannot hope to carry presents to her father, for he has not won distinction as a brave." As Little Bird passed to the other group, Puppompogs paid her a slight compliment and the attention was seen by both Tantaquidgeon and her father. Not hearing the words Occum thought, "He would make a good son-in-law and any girl would be proud to tend his hearth fire."

But Tantaquidgeon sat in stoical silence as he thought of the ill fortune of a peaceful life, that brought little chance for winning an eagle feather. He thought, "How can I hope to win her away from him? At my age, he was fighting and winning honors on the side of Sassacus and his father." While he was wishing for more warfare, with an opportunity for showing bravery and winning honors, the feast ended; Uncas again gave thanks, not only for the bountiful supply of fruit, but added an invocation to Mother Earth for a propitious harvest.



IX.

The Ball Game

On the day of the Strawberry Feast, following the religious ceremonies and during the interval between the Feast of the Maidens and the great repast, some one proposed playing the favorite game of ball; as it met with approval, the younger braves went to the wigwams for their rackets. These were made from saplings with the smaller end bent around in a circle and fastened to the handle with twisted fibres or thongs, and with a cup-shaped net woven from hemp, or of thongs, to catch the ball in play. Each brave had his mark on the handle to identify his own racket.

When all had met at the field, lots were drawn dividing the players for the east and west sides and Sugayo Awausseus (Black Bear) was chosen for the referee. It happened that Tantaquidgeon drew the East or Red Goal and, having to stand in front of it, had the disadvantage of the glare from the afternoon sun

A Racket

in his eyes. Puppompogs was among the number allotted to the West or Yellow goal and, as a strong west wind was blowing, muttered to himself, "Even the Four Brothers (the winds) favor him. The Kskac ssen (northwest wind) will blow the ball towards his goal;" but forgot the disadvantage of his rival in being blinded by the rays from Father Sun.

Rackets in hand these two leaders took their places at their respective goals and with each stood a man from the other side to hinder the ball by tossing it back toward the players of his own band; then the other players went to their places in the field between the posts.

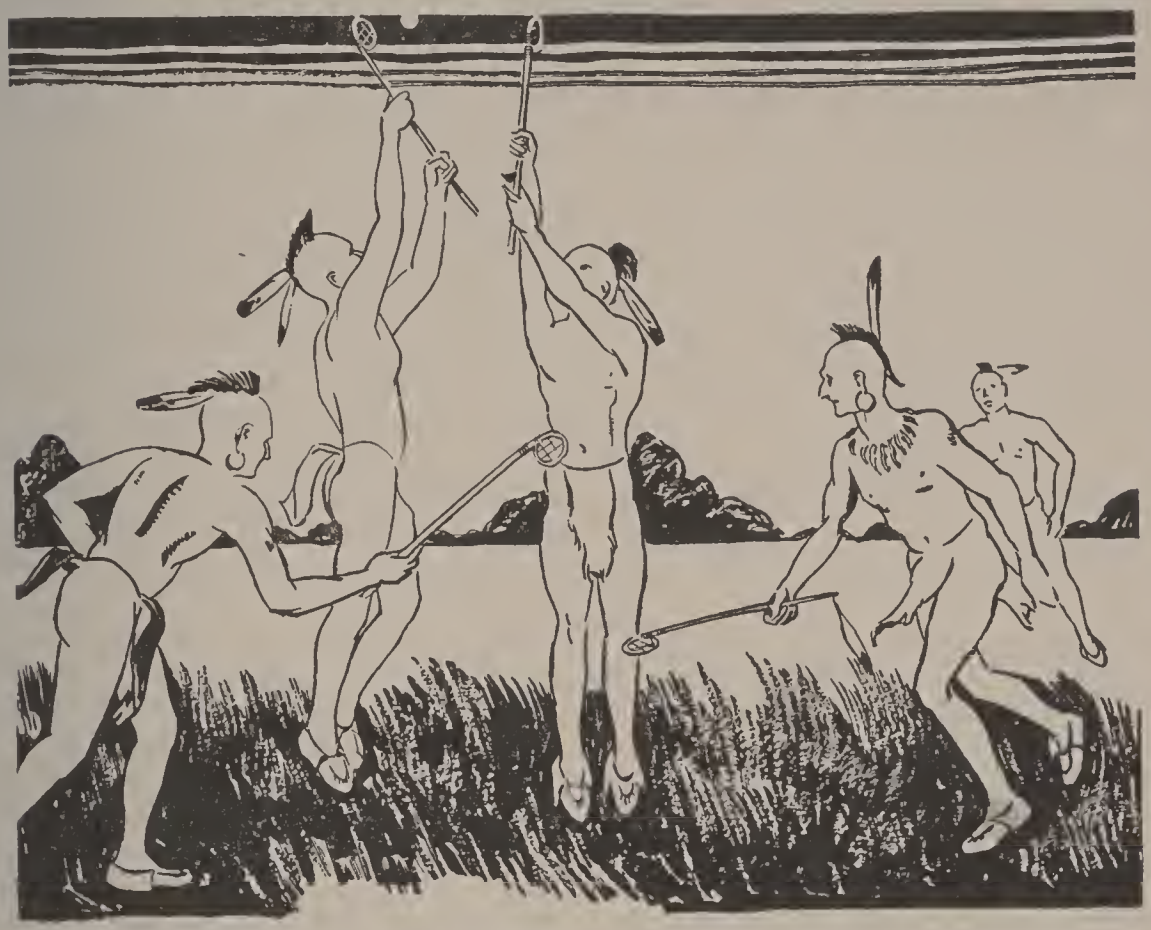
Black Bear, when all were ready, took the ball (made from a small bladder covered with a netting of woven sinew) and, going to the center of the field, went through the special ceremonies required for invoking the spirits of the air and the winds; then tossed the ball high in the air as a signal for the play to begin.

All the players were alert. Those from both

sides, who were nearest the point where the ball might fall, stood poised, ready to run and catch it in the outstretched rackets. As it descended, an agile young brave of Puppompogs' group was successful and, holding his racket so the ball would not fall out, ran swiftly toward his goal. The other group started in hot pursuit hoping to strike his racket and dislodge the ball. His defenders blocked their progress. Nearing the goal, he gave a skillful twist to his racket, sending the ball toward the pole. At the same time, the opponent standing near the post leaped with outstretched racket, hoping to deflect the ball and send it back into the field. He failed; it struck the goal post squarely, giving the first score to the Yellow, or Puppompogs' group.

It was a spectacular and unusual play to score so quickly and shouts of satisfaction arose from the winners. Sounds of approval were heard from the elder onlookers who appreciated skillful playing on whichever side it chanced to be.

Black Bear, the Referee, walked to the western goal to mark the score, then, returning to the center of the field, tossed the ball into the air for the second play.



A Member of Puppompogs' Group Caught the Ball

Again a member of Puppompogs' group caught the ball, but before the wearer of the Yellow emblem could run more than a few steps his racket was hit by a Red and the ball tossed high in the air, was caught by the favorable west wind and veered in the direction of Tantaquidgeon. As it seemed about to hit the Red post, the defender for the Yellow caught it in his racket and it went spinning to the center of the field; there the contest was so sharp that the ball was caught first by one side and then

the other, until in the skirmish it was tossed out of a racket when two contestants attempted to catch it at the same time. Both failed and the ball dropped to the ground!

As this was against the rules, Black Bear questioned the players to determine which side had caused it to fall, so he could mark the penalty. As neither group seemed at fault, the game was declared lost.

The Referee advanced to the center and tossed the ball for the beginning of the third play. This time the good fortune fell to a member of the Reds, who took the precaution of standing with his back to the sun. He caught the ball with his racket held high—dexterously turning it to avoid the blows of his opponents—and started on a spectacular run toward the Eastern goal. Darting in and out between the Yellows, who were hindered by those of his own side, he had almost reached it, and was turning his racket to send the ball to the post, when his arm was hit by the racket of the Yellow defender! This was against the rules and the foul play aroused the indignation of Tantaquidgeon's group and they loudly protested. The Referee was surrounded by players of both sides, all talking at once. Although the ball

failed to hit the goal the Reds were arguing that the score should be given to them.

Puppompogs came forward and said:

"It was an accident. The goal was not struck, so the Reds should not be allowed to score."

Tantaquidgeon reminded Black Bear:

"The opponent did not aim as high as the ball. If the arm of the player had not been struck who can say whether the post would not have been hit?"

Grunts of approval were heard from the spectators, and the Referee decided that the Yellow made a foul play and the game should be counted in favor of the Reds, so he marked the score on the Eastern goal.

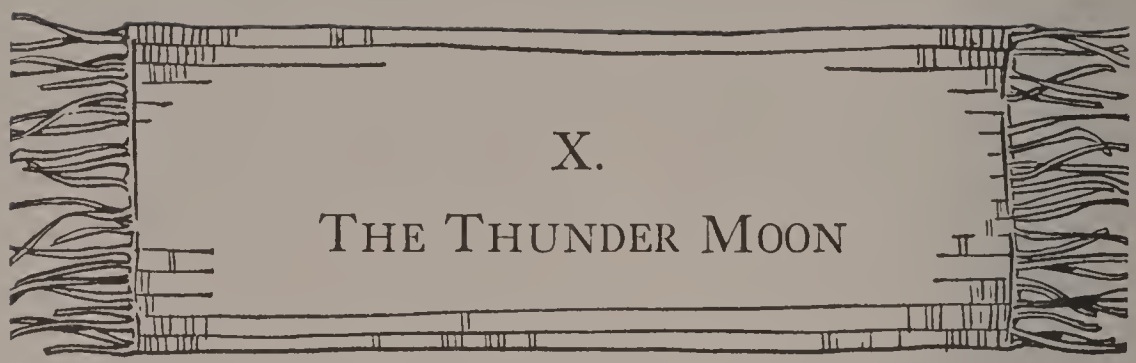
It had been decided that two games out of three should decide the victory and as neither side had scored on the second, Black Bear went to the center to toss the ball for the fourth, and probably final game. Puppompogs, trying to conceal his anger, showed only a slight scowl for he knew that a fair judgment had been given, but he was desperately anxious for his side to win.

As the ball fell, again fortune favored his band, for it was caught in the racket of a Yel-

low brave and the young athlete, swift of foot, started in the direction of the Western goal, carrying his racket close to his side, giving his opponents less opportunity for hitting it. When about half way to his goal, he was surrounded by Reds, who were attempting to hit his racket without striking his arm. Members of his own side were keeping near, trying to interfere with those who blocked his progress. One of them collided with an opponent and, both falling, tripped the runner! The ball bounded from his net, but was rescued by one of his band, who tossed it toward their goal. The racket of the Red defender caught it, and sent it flying over the heads of the players toward the Eastern goal. The Yellow defender sprang to catch it; but Tantaquidgeon was ahead of him, caught it and turning instantly drove the ball against his goal, winning the victory.

Shouts of exultation arose from the victors! Crowding around Tantaquidgeon, they danced with glee over the triumph; the cries of approval from the onlookers added to the pandemonium. The vanquished tried to accept the defeat without showing too much chagrin; but wishing to be first in everything, Puppompogs smiled grimly. Rankling with jealousy, while

the braves were returning to their wigwams, he thought, "I'll get even with him yet!" When sitting at the Strawberry Feast which immediately followed, he discovered the way of causing Tantaquidgeon to suffer.



X.

The Thunder Moon

The Season of the Hot Suns reached its height at the time of the Thunder Moon and the rays from Father Sun burned fiercely during the long time taken for his journey for, at this season, the sleeptime came late and ended early, with the stars having only a brief journey.

As soon as the dew had dried, so the bean vines would not show rust spots when touched by the earth, the women went out with their clamshell hoes and cultivated the rapidly growing corn. While the Sun was overhead, they kept within the wigwams to avoid the scorching heat, quietly working on splint baskets or articles of clothing. Later, when the south winds brought refreshing breezes from the Little Salt Sea, the women and children wandered along the river bank gathering the black raspberries, or up on the hillsides where the early blueberries were beginning to appear in the sunny places about the stumps that

remained after the great trees had been girdled for making dugout canoes.

While the braves were away, engaged in fishing, bathing in the River was a favorite diversion, especially when the tide brought the wavelets lapping against the shore and the timid swimmers felt less fear of being carried down stream. Below the camp not far from some of the outlying wigwams, was a sheltered cove where Pigeon Wing, Humming Bird and several other little girls were taught to swim by the older sisters and mothers.

On one occasion Little Bird took a few graceful strokes, keeping her feet closely held together as she swung them from side to side, to propel herself forward, in front of her little sister; then she held the child, supporting her by a hand under her chin as she tried to teach her. Pigeon Wing, finding it hard to keep afloat, began to paddle with her feet apart, imitating the boys. "Sister," exclaimed Little Bird, " you must hold your feet close together. It is not modest for a girl to swim in any other way!"

One day during the Thunder Moon, when Father Sun had begun his downward journey, the boys who had spent most of the time in

the water came ashore to rest. They sat watching their little brothers in their attempts at swimming and laughed at the antics of those who floundered about in the shallow places, playing beaver; carrying in their mouths little twigs of the juicy black birch; holding their arms motionless, close to their sides, and swimming with toes spread apart, imitating the webbed hind feet.

Too old to join in this pastime, the boys began directing them in building beaver huts. Using some discarded baskets for a foundation, the older boys assisted in burying the handles in the mud, beneath a few inches of water, with the rims, on one side, resting on the ground. Then the little fellows wriggled along carrying mud on their hands and piling it for a covering on the splint foundations, or bringing twigs and pebbles in their mouths. To make the play more realistic, a boy would squirm along with feet held together and bring them down with a whack in imitation of the spatulate tail. Then down they would go into the water, and coming up head first under their lodges, and peeking out roguishly through the openings where the basketry had given way. As the lodges were few, punishment overtook

the boys remaining in the coveted dwellings too long and very unbeaverlike pommeling and yells frequently sounded when a would-be dweller slapped a usurper.

On some of the Suns, parties were arranged to go down on the point where the most refreshing breezes were felt and the mothers would watch their children playing on the sand beneath the bank. Most of the women worked on moccasins, and during a pause in the conversation, Jeets Bodansha dropped her work and remarked to the friend sitting beside her, "Sometimes, I wish I never had to see another makas (moccasin). We have enough beaded ones for feast days, but those for everyday use wear out so fast. Ktcais (Husband) is very hard on his makasantc (moccasins). With my large family, at least six pairs are worn out every moon, and my little girl grows so fast that many cannot be made for her, ahead."

"Isn't she old enough to make her own?"

"My older daughter makes her own and those for her little sister, so it is easier for me, now," she replied.

"I am afraid you spoil your youngest child! Haven't you taught her to make them?" questioned another listener.

"She is learning, but pricks her fingers with the bone awl; besides she helps more by taking care of her sister's papoose," with a glance toward Bright Moon sitting among the groups of young matrons, with their babies rolling about them on the soft turf. After a pause she continued, "Oh, no, I don't intend to spoil my little Natanis," hiding her amusement at the reproof in the tone of her friend's voice.

Meanwhile, uneasiness was felt in the wigwam of the Sachem; a messenger from the Podunks had arrived with the news that false reports had been carried to the Palefaces of a general uprising of the tribes against them. He added, "The word has been sent to the Paleface Father at Shawmut and he has ordered his warriors to take away all the weapons of the Mattachuseuk!" (Massachusett Tribe).

"Who started those false reports?" inquired Uncas.

"We do not know," replied the Podunk. "When the interpreter questioned our Chieftain, he said that a Red Man had told the Paleface Father at Quinnipiack. Another Red Man, who had been hurt by a cart, had told the Father at Suckiaug that the Paleface's God was angry with him for concealing the conspiracy,

UNCAS

and had set the Paleface's Cow to kill him."

A troubled expression settled on the face of Uncas. The matter was a serious one. "Do the Palefaces think us guilty of such treachery?" he inquired.

"We do not know, but the Father at Shawmut sent two of their warriors with two interpreters to Miantonomo to warn him against more plotting. They summoned him to appear

before them. He told them, "The report was spread by Uncas."

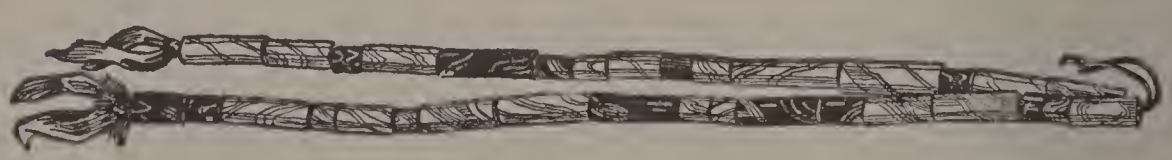
"The treacherous liar!" roared Uncas. "Did they believe him?"

"The interpreter did not accuse us or you."

"They have sent no summons to me," continued the anxious Sachem. "If they believe me treacherous, will they send their warriors with the weapons that breathe fire and attack us?"

There could be no answer to that question, so the messenger was dismissed and, while being served food, told those who gathered about him of their great danger if the reports were believed.

Uncas sat alone, hoping for guidance on the right trail and trying to decide whether to send messengers and presents assuring the Fathers of his loyalty. He thought of the possibility of their being captured and craftily decided to await some action by the Palefaces, and to prepare for defense, by redoubling the number of scouts on the westward trails.



XI.

First Corn

The summer was passing rapidly. The strawberry season had been followed by that of the wild black raspberries which ripened during the Thunder Moon; now it was late in the sleeptime before she hung her crescent in the sky and blueberries were showing the purple tint under the bloom, which was one of the signs that the ripening of corn was near.

One morning when the women met at the spring, the decision was made for the ceremonial visit to the fields for the gathering of the First Corn. This was an important event for, as the Life Giver had given life to the corn, it was now ready to sustain life and therefore the corn had become sacred. Very close to the hearts of the people was the thought that the corn formed a bond between them and the Creator of life, so a deep and sacred meaning underlay the music of the chant with which they started for the fields:

"To the fields we go with expectant mind
On the tall waving stalks ripe ears to find:
Oh! Ho! we go,
We go, we go,
Ripe ears to find."

When the fields had been reached they passed between the tall rows, looking for ripe ears; the rustle of the leaves and the snapping of the stalks accompanied the second part of the song:

"Ah! See the ears completely filled
With the sweet life giving grain,
A sacred gift from the Giver of Life
To renew our strength again.
Oh, see the grain!
Oh, see! Oh see!
Oh, see the grain!"

When the ripe ears had been picked they started toward the wigwams singing:

"And as we turn with laden arms
A joyous song we raise:
And carry the gift to those we love,
To the Giver of Life be praise!
Happy we go!
We go, we go,
Happy we go!"

As they arrived at the ceremonial space, the

PLAYING HUBBUB

ears were placed on poles covering a long pit in which a fire had been kindled; about this they sat chanting until the corn had been roasted and eaten. The ceremony closed with measured steps as they danced around the pit chanting:

"To the Giver of Life be praise!"

The ceremonials finished, the women and children in groups started for the forest to gather roots and herbs necessary for the black medicine to be used at the Corn Feast, which would follow soon.

They paused a brief time to watch a group of inveterate old gamblers who were playing Hubbub. An old man held a wooden tray containing five small bones painted black on one side; he was thumping the platter violently on the ground while the others were smiting their breasts and chanting, "Hub! hub, hub," in

unison. As they watched, one toss brought down the bones all black, winning a double game. He shouted "Ba-iog!" (Ten) exultingly, his old voice cracking with excitement. The next blow brought four of one color and one odd, which lost; so he passed the tray to the next player. His violent thump won a single game, with three of white and two blacks showing, so above the voices of the other players sounded his count of "Nipau" (Five). He lost with the second trial, and passed the tray to a third player, whose first attempt caused the bones or dice to fall with three blacks and two whites, giving him "Nipau." A second blow showed all whites and again "Baiog" was shouted to the monotonous accompaniment of "Hub, hub, hub," as the onlookers moved away toward the forest.

The women were wise in plant lore, knowing the appearance of every plant and its uses, also the time when it should be gathered. They made lotions for cuts and bruises, liniments to relieve strains, and brewed drinks for the many illnesses. When there was sickness, those of long experience came with some decoction, or to give advice, for while the Moigu-wag (witch doctors) prepared and administered some

herbs, one was called only when the usual remedies failed to relieve the sufferer, and yells, incantations and all the noise, which accompanied powwowing, were deemed necessary to drive away the evil spirits.

Each elderly woman thought her own frequently used remedies the best and recipes for their concoction were a favorite topic for conversation. Spirited discussions arose as to whether a brew of black cherry bark, or one made from the roots of sarsparilla and sweet flag, proved more beneficial for coughs.

"A brew of elm bark is good for a cold and the cough, too," remarked one grandmother.

"There is nothing so good to break up a cold as wild cherry leaves steeped with boneset," added another, "especially if you drink it hot at night and cold in the morning."

"We keep from having colds," remarked another with a self-satisfied expression, "because I give my family a brew of dandelion root and another of wintergreen, whenever I think it will do them good."

The others exchanged sly smiles because it was a subject for jokes that her husband dared to express his opinion only when out of her hearing.

Each time they went into the woods, Jeets Bodansha instructed Little Bird regarding medicinal plants, and told Crow Feather and Pigeon Wing which were poisonous to the touch; for every child, and especially the girls, at an early age received practical knowledge of scores of plants.

"Careful, Natanis," warned her mother as Pigeon Wing started to pick some sprigs from a glossy vine, "that is poison ivy."

"I thought it was woodbine."

"No; remember the ivy has three leaves on the stem, while the woodbine has five. Did you touch it?"

"Not quite."

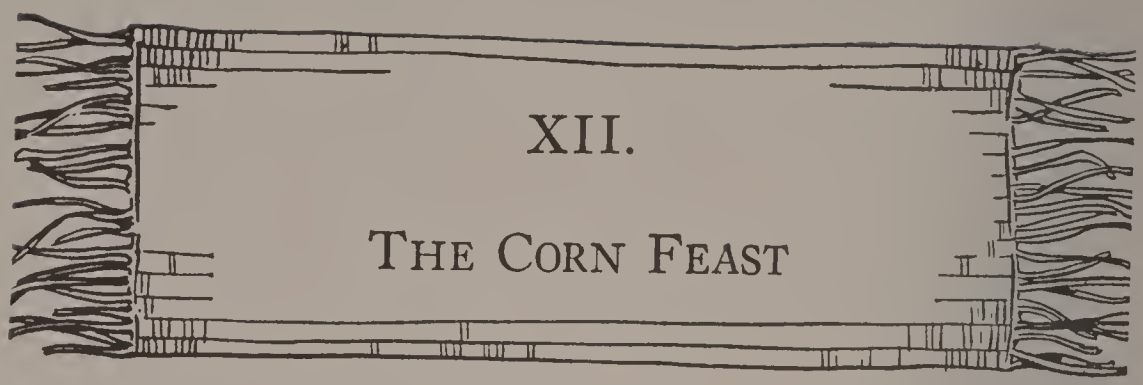
"If you should brush against some, first wash your hands, or wherever it touches, then bathe it with a decoction of sweet fern leaves. Some people are poisoned if a strong breeze blows the pollen on them."

A group of boys hurried ahead; Crow Feather yelled and the rest of the boys fled wildly in all directions, swinging their arms about their heads; his mother rushed to him to find that he had been stung by a hornet. He was jumping about and swinging his arm with the pain.

"Keep still, Namakkis (My Son) I'll find some plantain leaves soon, I think, and will bind them on to draw out the poison; anyway, we are near the brook and we will put on some mud."

As they walked along, leaves of tansy, pennyroyal, wintergreen and pipsissewa (or Prince's pine) were gathered to be dried for the winter. At the brookside they sat down to rest and the children brought stalks of the pungent peppermint, but taking care to fill their mouths first.

Elder bark, bloodroot, ground pine and dandelion were among the roots sought for the black medicine. In more sunny places, burdock, boneset and motherwort grew in profusion. With baskets filled and arms laden with the long stalks, to which were added the delicate fronds of meadow rue, they returned homeward as the Sun lighted the glowing campfires at the end of his sky trail, and the cloud wigwams crimsoned in the approaching twilight.



XII.

The Corn Feast

When the Harvest Moon hung her crescent in the sky preparations were begun for the Green Corn Feast. Runners were sent to all the tributary tribes living in the forests almost as far west as the Long River and to Ma-gun-ka-quog, a few miles south, where a remnant of the conquered Pequots were now living. All were invited to come and remain for the interval of four sleeps at the time when the Harvest Moon rose round and full before the Sun had closed the curtains of his wigwam.

This was the greatest feast of the year; not only among the Mohegans, but with other tribes belonging to the same great family, who lived along the borders of the Great Salt Sea, from the farthest point toward the frozen North where corn could mature, to the tribes living in the far South where there is always warm sunshine, the flowers always bloom and the fountains bring eternal youth. Word had

come that the Corn Feast was held beyond the country of the Iroquois, far, far away in the land of the Dakotahs, and among many tribes living on the great level plains of the West; even in the far Southwest where many people lived in houses made of sun-baked clay and piled, one on top of another in sloping layers.

The feast was not held at exactly the same time because of the differences of the season when the corn ripened; but however great the enmity between tribes, it made a little bond of union to know that each one was making sacrifices and giving thanks to Mother Earth for granting good harvests to sustain their lives. Naturally the customs varied among the tribes, because climate changed their manner of living; but the trails extended both west and south across the country and when a brave went, perhaps hundreds of miles, on a visit to a friendly tribe, or to trade, he was sure to meet some Indian from farther west, who had traveled still farther west and knew traders from southern nations, so the traditions and customs were similar, and known among tribes living great distances apart.

It was known, even in Mohegan, that some nations living far toward the land where

Father Sun closed the curtains of his wigwam, counted the beginning of the new year at the time of the Green Corn Feast; that those peoples threw aside their worn-out clothing, and those faraway women broke up their old cooking utensils and kindled fresh fires as a symbol of the passing of the old and the coming of the new year.

Great surprise was expressed around the hearth fires at those strange customs so different from in the East. One said, "Does not the old year leave when the warm south Wind pushes Old Man Winter back to his wigwam in the North and the ice melts?" Another questioned, "Does not the new year begin when the brooks burst forth from their icy bonds and begin their little songs as they flow over the stones?"

One exclaimed, "What a strange country it must be, where the year does not begin when the sap commences to flow and give new life to the trees!" Then another added, "Our custom is more sensible to have the year begin in the springtime and have the Corn Feast a festival of thanks for the good harvest which has provided food for the long, cold freezing-time."

Before the time appointed for the arrival of the guests, the women had provided extra shelters, by driving two upright rows of crotched posts into the ground to support the covering of birch saplings, on which the leaves had been left; the sides were enclosed by leafy birches woven in and out like coarse basket work. A smaller arbor to protect the sacrificial offerings was also erected.

With the arrival of the guests the camp was thrown into great excitement as the children recognized with glad shouts the children whom they had not seen since the Strawberry Feast, or, others, not since the Corn Feast thirteen long moons before. All were greeting the visitors and exchanging the salutation, "Wig wa sun" (May you live happily).

The women were busy showing their guests to their sleeping quarters in the place of honor behind the hearth fire. In the communal houses there was usually an extra room for guests and, naturally, the youths gave up their quarters to their elders and expected to sleep—during the little time devoted to rest—in the temporary shelters. All the visitors had arrived by the time the Sun had reached the highest point in the sky trail, the greetings had been spoken and the presents carried to the Sunjum.

As the occasion was a great religious ceremonial when thanks were given to Mother Earth, not only for the abundant harvest of corn, but also for every living thing that grew to sustain life, to Gluskap, the Creator of life, to Father Sun and all the spirits of nature who had been propitious to the harvests. The first day was devoted to the brewing of the medicinal drink and the fasting, both of which were considered necessary before religious ceremonies.

The second day was the great occasion of the offering of the corn, so very early in the morning, all gathered in the open space inside the stockade for the preliminary ritual chant:

"Golden and tall the corn stalks stand
Nodding and swaying on every hand
As if calling, come and bring
To the "Giver of Life" your offering."

As the first part of the chant ended, every brave who was the head of a family, wrapping his mantle closely around him to conceal his flint knife, preceded his wife; these forming the leaders of the procession. The long line of people moved in and out among the trees singing:

"We hear the rustle of waving corn
And haste to obey the call;
We glean the ripened sacred ears
And stalks so graceful and tall.
We obey its call,
We go and bring
To the 'Giver of Life'
Our offering."

When they reached the corn fields each brave cut with his flint knife the stalks from the sacred hills planted by his wife; passing half of them to her, the stalks were grasped within the folds of their mantles and held aloft while the procession moved slowly back to the inclosure singing:

"Yu ni ne ne Mundowi Wiwatcaman
Yu ni ne ne Mundowi Wiwatcaman
Mundowi, Mundowi Wiwatcaman"
(Here, that Sacred Corn
Here, that Sacred Corn
Sacred, Sacred Corn.)

Near the arbor enclosing the altar, stood Uncas; very stately and dignified, with arms crossed and grasping in both hands his mantle, on which were bars of green, symbolizing the leaves, and small geometric designs of porcupine quills, dyed yellow, to represent

the corn plume. Inside the entrance, stood the Shaman to guard the sacred stalks as they were carried in and placed before the altar. The words of his chant were known only to the priesthood, because they were drowned by the voices of the people in the square chanting:

"Mundowi Wiwatcaman, Mundowi,
Mundowi Wiwatcaman,"

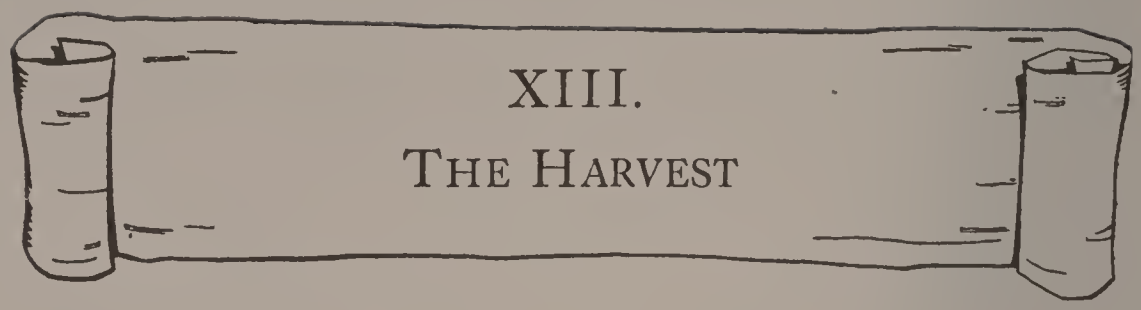
until the ceremonials were ended.

On the third day the ceremonial dances were given by members of the different clans, sometimes by women alone or by groups of men. If both took part in the same dance, the women moved in a circle in one direction, while the braves, in a larger outer circle danced in the opposite direction. Each clan had its own songs and postures which were never copied by the others, as they were symbolic of their own rites, and were not understood by all.

The fasts and rituals over, the fourth day was devoted to the great feast. First came the ceremonial roasting of the corn over a fire in a long pit, the ears supported on poles across the top. Roasted in this manner the ears were distributed and when they had been eaten in a reverent spirit, the great feast followed in which corn held a conspicuous place. Scraped

from the cob and boiled with beans, it was served in the favorite form of suktac (succotash). Birch bark trays were heaped with meal cakes, baked in the ashes and wooden bowls containing yokeg, were placed before the groups. Wooden platters piled with roasted clams alternated with those on which bluefish were placed.

With true gratitude the women threw the sacrificial offerings into the fire and the Sunjum gave the usual thanks before and after the feast.



XIII.

The Harvest

As soon as the Corn Feast was over, the women worked early and late, gathering the wild grapes — transparent with juice and purple as evening shadows—picking the beans from the vines, or bringing the pumpkins and squashes and piling them near the caches where they were to be stored.

Red rose the Harvest Moon, turning the bend of the river into a rosy-colored pool and vying with the brilliancy of Father Sun as he closed his curtains. Then came the plucking of the corn and the carrying of the ears in hand baskets to empty into the large ones of bark, in readiness for husking.

Late each day when the Moon appeared before the Sun had drawn the curtains of darkness, all went to the corn fields; as usual the labor was lightened by song, with sometimes a new stanza added to those that had come down by tradition; and all husked in unison

with the rhythm, throwing the ears in piles on rush mats. Even the warriors stood about to join in the laughter and merriment, or assisted about the husking.

These were happy twilights for the girls, for the young scouts, released from duty, joined in the husking frolics, and many a wooing was begun under the witchery of the Harvest Moon. Although the girls were closely guarded by their grandmothers, there was chance for whispered words of love. Without fear of displeasure, the young brave could sit by the maiden of his fancy, watching admiringly as she deftly husked the ears and threw them on the mat, and whisper pretty compliments; the words glowing with ardor and imagery were enhanced by the romantic glamour of the moonlight.

There was little opportunity for a brave to woo a girl for he could not visit her, as any errand to the wigwam must be made with the object of seeing her father or brothers. Relatives arranged a marriage with the consent of the Sunjum, and it was not always as pleasing to a girl as if custom had permitted the young people to make their own choice.

Tantaquidgeon often lingered at the side of

Little Bird but, not wishing to presume on account of lack of honors, never remained long after Puppompogs joined them. As she misunderstood his reluctance, she welcomed the older brave with greater cordiality than she really felt, and Tantaquidgeon, hiding the sting with gay repartee among another group, could not know of her brief replies to the conversation of his rival.

One evening as a husking chant was finished Tantaquidgeon remarked, "I have heard that far south in the lands where it is always summer, there is a bird which sings during the sleeptime, whose song is sweeter than any that we hear at dawn; for a moment I thought that bird must have perched on your shoulder and mingled its notes with your voice."

As Little Bird, with eyes alight, turned to make some appreciative response, a deep voice above them said sarcastically, "As usual the flattering youth is pouring honeyed words into some listening ear!"

With a disgusted ejaculation, although muffled, Tantaquidgeon arose and stalked away; but his displeasure would have been lightened had he known of the coldness with which any compliments of Puppompogs were

received. No one noticed how Little Bird, with head bent low apparently intent upon her husking, concealed the troubled expression in her eyes when the altogether too willing Morning Glory chanced to entice him to her side.

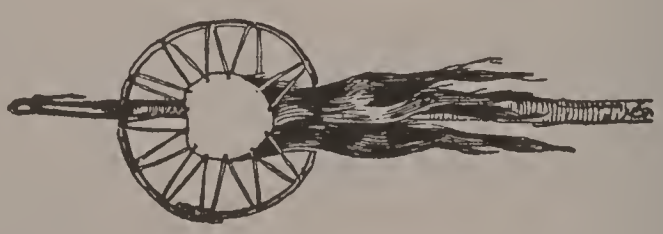
Pigeon Wing, with Humming Bird and other little friends playing at hide and seek, dodged about among the huskers, hiding between groups of complacent friends or behind the piles of corn. Crow Feather and the boys pretended to be lurking foes, finding convenient shelter behind the rows of corn stalks and springing out with wild whoops to frighten their little sisters.

Sometimes they varied their play with a game of Follow My Leader, when they danced in a sinuous line between the hills of corn; the snapping of stalks and crackle and rustle of the yellowed leaves made the play doubly amusing. Red Squirrel and his friends of eleven or twelve winters who were supposed to help in the husking found frequent opportunity when their mothers were not looking to slip behind the sheltering rows of stalks and engage in games, or torment their little brothers, by spoiling their play.

Each night when the work had been finished,

the piles of ears, which had been thrown on the mats, were covered carefully by more rush mats to protect them from the dew until the next morning, when the women would spread them out to dry in the sunshine.

Before the moon sank behind the westward hills they left the fields and sauntered back to their wigwams, partly on account of the possibility of attacks from wild beasts or lurking foes, but also because of the dread of what might be hidden under cover of the darkness. No one wished, at the end of the evening frolic to have the Jibai (or ghosts), appear making terrifying noises or to see the lights of the Gackatcang (or Will-o'-the-Wisp), dancing about them from rock to rock. So each sleep-time, before the Harvest Moon had finished the sky trail journey, the curtain of each wigwam was closed against the supernatural powers.



XIV.

Hunting the Deer

A purple haze hung over the distant hills and the leaves, touched by light frosts, gleamed golden, scarlet and russet. The Hunting Moon had hung her crescent in the sky and tipped it so a hunting pouch could not be hung upon the lower end; this was a sign of a dry moon and good weather for hunting.

All through the spring and summer the hunters had been observing the haunts of the deer and the dens of the bears, and during the late summer had prepared their traps and hunting implements. Now while waiting for larger game, enough wild turkeys, duck and partridges were captured for their daily needs.

As soon as the crops had been harvested the women began to embroider new hunting charms to replace those that had become too weakened for the carrying of large game. On the day before the first large hunt, Jeets Bodansha sat near the entrance of the wigwam to take

advantage of the last gleam of the fast fading light. Holding on her lap a long, narrow strip of moose hide, she was engaged in making designs on the broadened center, for a carrying strap.

As Red Squirrel entered she remarked, "Your hunting charm is almost done."

He squatted beside her to see the designs; at each end, trees were represented and between them the figure of a youth following a trail. Other symbols in blue, red and yellow were embroidered with quills and smaller ones in colored hemp.

"What are those, Nannang?" he inquired.

"The quills represent the large game, bear, beaver or deer, and the hemp are for the small animals and birds."

"Which color is for deer?"

"Nuc (your Father) will tell you the meaning of the symbols. When you have killed your game he will show you how to use the charm. When you are older and able to carry heavier animals you will have a long strap like this," indicating a folded charm lying beside her on the mat.

Red Squirrel reached for it, but she put out her hand to cover the design saying, "Namak-

kis, the hunting charm is partly a prayer for game and typifies the spirit that leads the hunter to it. No hunter allows another to see it, for it would bring bad luck and drive away the animals." She added as an afterthought, "You must carry yours hidden in your hunting pouch."

With the first dawning light the camp was astir. Some, whose hunting claims were too far away from home to return easily with their game, took their families with them even into the wildest places, where the women built the hunting lodges close to some stream or pond for greater convenience in washing the skins. There was great confusion as the women rolled the rush mats, packed a few necessary utensils and parched corn for their stay of two moons.

Breakfast eaten, other hunters united by clan or blood, gathered in groups to build the hunting fire and observe the rituals; when the first rays of the Sun parted the curtains of night they were ready to start.

As he walked between his father and Black Bear, his sister's husband, Red Squirrel could not conceal his excitement as with rapid strides they penetrated farther into the forest. At times his father called his attention to some

rock or tree that would serve as a guide when they turned homeward, or pointed out a cave that probably sheltered a bear.

At length someone spied a herd of deer grazing and gave a silent signal. The foremost hunters separated, going in opposite directions with stealthy steps. Each lighting fires between himself and the nearest hunter, they formed a huge circle surrounding the herd. With horrible yells and brandishing their bows they prevented the frightened deer from escaping between the fires, until blinded by smoke, the graceful animals became an easy mark for their arrows.

In his excitement Red Squirrel shot several arrows wide of the mark, but great was his rejoicing when a young deer was found with his arrow imbedded in a vital spot. Occum instructed his son in the ceremonials before leaving him to perform the rites alone. While his father had gone to find the game indicated by his own arrows, Red Squirrel placed the hunting charm across his head with the ends falling over his shoulders and, singing, danced around the animal expressing his joy at success. He then placed it about the neck of the fallen deer as a recompense to its spirit because he had

THE DEER WERE EASY MARKS FOR THEIR ARROWS

been obliged to take its life. Then finding that the fawn was not too heavy for him to lift alone, he knotted the strap about it, adjusted the game on his shoulders and started eastward to join his father somewhere on the homeward trail.

During the hunting season the women were very busy, for to them fell the task of skinning the animals, dressing the meat and tanning the skins. It required a knowledge of the ceremonials, for certain portions of the meat were reserved for sacrifice and other parts were taboo. Nearly every part of the game was used in some way, so Jeets Bodansha showed Little Bird how to remove the tendons carefully and how they should be stretched, for after drying, the sinews were divided to be used for sewing the clothing. All the meat which could not be eaten fresh was cut in strips and hung up for drying, either in the sun or suspended from poles over a camp fire.

The important task of preparing the skins was done near the water; so on the bank the drying frames were made by driving two saplings into the ground, six or seven feet apart for the largest skins, with two horizontal poles lashed between to form an oblong. Many

THE HIDES WERE FIRST LAID ON THE GROUND AND SCRAPED

smaller frames were used for the beaver and other small game.

First of all the hides were laid on the ground, and scraped by implements made of long bones, to remove all the bits of flesh. All the little girls had tiny fleshers among their play-things so, while her mother and sisters worked on the larger portions of the deer skins, Pigeon Wing knelt on the ground and scraped on the uneven outer edges. When the skins were to be dressed on both sides, for clothing, they

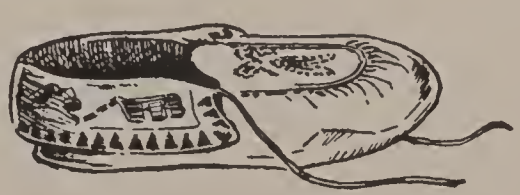
were turned over and staked out with wooden pegs to hold them firmly while the hair was scraped off. When the hides were cleaned they were covered with a tanning mixture of liver, brains, grease, and saproot boiled together. This preparation was thoroughly washed out by putting the skins in the stream to soak.

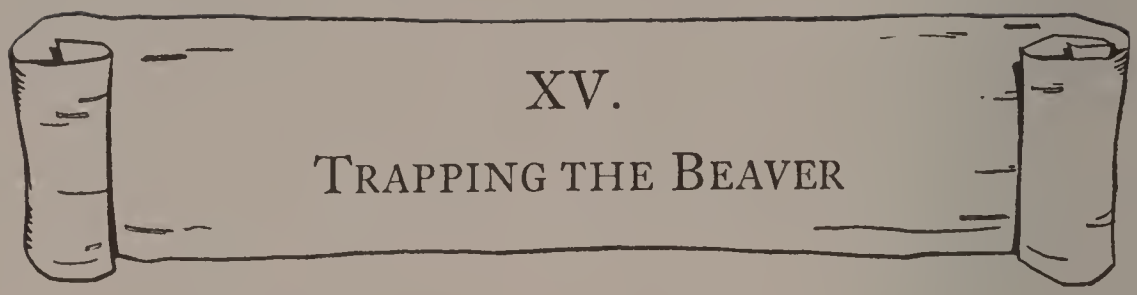
Two or three days later Bright Moon and Little Bird assisted their mother in squeezing out the water by twisting the skins like ropes, then lacing them into the crude frames to stretch them as they dried. After the skins were stretched all the moisture was pressed out with larger scrapers; then they were left until perfectly dry, while more skins were prepared. When a dry skin was removed from the frame Bright Moon helped her mother in softening it, each taking an end and drawing it back and forth around a tree trunk. To prevent injury and shrinking when soaked by rain, the dried skins were smoked for several hours over a fire, but before being made into garments they were cleaned and whitened by repeated rubbings with white clay.

The labor was lightened with song, and gossip and jokes caused occasional merriment. While it was no easy task to prepare all the

skins necessary for the clothing of a family and covering for beds, the women were very skilful and the one who could prepare the softest and whitest skins was very proud of her accomplishments. As this knowledge was a necessary part of their education, Little Bird, White Flower and the other girls approaching marriageable age, vied with each other in perfecting their skill.

As the season advanced more game was brought in each day so the women were busy early and late, cutting the meat for drying, and dressing the skins, but working thankfully because an ample supply of food and clothing were needed. Besides the necessary coverings and clothing many hides were used for moccasins, for only five pairs could be cut from a skin. During the hunting season, or at other times when traveling over the trails, a brave often wore out two pairs every moon, so from twenty to twenty-five pairs were needed by each man during a year.





XV.

Trapping the Beaver

When the second moon of the hunting season showed the signs of fair weather, Occum decided to take his family to a distant part of his claim where beavers were to be found in large numbers.

As the place was a lonely one, it was decided that Bright Moon and her baby would remain at home, with Pigeon Wing left in her care; one morning two of their largest canoes were chosen and one loaded with the necessary mats, provisions, weapons and dogs. Black Bear was in charge of this and Crow Feather begged to go with his brother-in-law, so Occum and his wife with Red Squirrel and Little Bird followed in the other.

It was a crisp, bright morning and the foliage lining the river banks was in its full autumnal glory, the vivid scarlet of the maples sharply contrasted against the yellowing chestnuts or dark greens of the pines. The dark reds of the oaks high on the hillsides had their shades

duplicated in the blackberry vines and bushes lining the edges of the banks.

The tide from the Little Salt Sea was felt in the river and this morning helped to carry them up-stream, and it was not long before the turn was made into the narrower Showtuck and the canoe glided under the shadow of the hill. When they neared the junction with the Quinebaug, Crow Feather turned his head to shout, "Mother! Sister! Look! There is where we came to drive the fish!"

A sharp turn to the left was made as they continued on their course a short distance to the ford, where a group of scouts, who had run from their places of concealment, had gathered on the bank. Black Bear and Occum halted their canoes; following a few words of greeting to the younger brave in the first, Tantaquidgeon came to Occum for the purpose of knowing where to carry warning in case of a surprise from their enemies. When the location of the hunting camp had been described, Tantaquidgeon remarked, with a brief, yet eloquent glance at Little Bird, "Before you leave, I would like to see such a number of huts, as you say the animals have made on Beaver Brook."

"Yes, come up to the wigwam and I will take you through the forest to the trapping place," cordially responded Occum.

The broad paddles dipped and on they glided, penetrating between higher banks with all the autumnal colors reflected in the depths of the water; an occasional island divided the stream, making the scene more picturesque.

When their destination was reached, mother and children were busily engaged in cleaning the leaves and debris which had collected within the space enclosed by the wigwam poles, which were left standing from previous hunting or fishing trips. Then the mats were unrolled and the framework covered, before the provisions and skins for bedding were carried in. While near the river, the wigwam in a grove of pines was entirely hidden by the growth of low, young trees, and the canoes were concealed in the small inlet.

The men had been arranging their traps in readiness for an early start the next day, and by the time the evening meal had been prepared, the Sun's brief journey ended and he had drawn his curtains; the crescent moon, far down on the sky trail, brought an early sleep-time. Lying down in the rude shelter, they

drew the skin coverings about them and, lulled by the murmur of the pines and the lapping of the water, were soon wrapped in slumber.

Early the next morning Red Squirrel and Crow Feather accompanied the men as they started out with their traps for the walk through the forest to the beaver dams; and with only the old dog and Crow Feather's puppy for protection, Jeets Bodansha and Little Bird were left alone while they built the drying frames in readiness for stretching the skins.

Occum led the way to a turn in the brook where the banks were lined on both sides with graceful willows; here the beavers had constructed a curved dam, which remained from previous years, so young willows and birches had sprung up in the center forming a hedge partially concealing the dwellings and making a picturesque foreground.

While Occum and Black Bear were setting the traps the boys crawled about exploring the huts, and discovering the entrances all concealed under water. Red Squirrel pointed out the double exits for each dwelling, one toward the land and the other toward the water, making escape always possible.

"Nuc! How long does it take the beavers to build their wigwams?" called Crow Feather.

"They can build a dam during one sleep-time," answered his father, "because early in the summer they fell the wood for their new huts. Then they wait until the end of the Hot Suns before constructing them."

"How can a beaver fell trees?"

"The older beavers sit on their hind legs and work in turns, cutting all around a tree and gnawing deeper on one side to make it fall."

"Nuc," queried Red Squirrel, "how do the beavers carry the trees? You have told me that they carry mud and stones on their front legs, but those trunks would be too heavy."

"They push the tree trunks with their bodies, sometimes grasping them with their strong teeth to guide them. When the right kind of wood is too far from the water, they build canals across the level ground, making them deep enough to float the trunks. The smaller saplings they carry in their teeth, but someone told me of having seen a beaver with a branch under one fore leg and hopping on the other three."

"He must have been comical," laughed the older boy.

BEAVER

"See how they have been repairing their dwellings with mud and stones," continued their father. "That has been done since the frosts during the last moon, but the outer coating will not be put on until severe weather, when the mud will freeze; then the most violent spring freshets will not carry them away, for the beavers know how to join mud and timber to make it strong."

"Does every beaver make its own wigwam?" questioned the younger boy.

"No, all the beavers work together under an old beaver who has become master because of his strength. He punishes the lazy ones with a hard slap of his flat tail." He added, "But

each family provides its own food and sometimes two families live in the same hut."

"What do beavers eat?"

In the summer they eat berries and the leaves of one or two plants, but they mostly live upon birch, poplar and willow bark."

Black Bear had finished the traps and they started to return to the hunting wigwam, but keeping a sharp watch for game. The drumming of partridges was heard so the bows were bent and, as with a whirr the birds rose, a number were pierced with the arrows of the skillful hunters and found their way into the bagenud (or hunting pouch).

Every two or three days, the rounds were made and the game taken, but Occum was careful to impress upon his sons that the beavers must not be depleted and if an older one was found in a trap it was released. "Remember, Sons," he told them, "that our ancestors left this Beaver Brook well stocked for me and you, and you must take care that there are beaver for your sons and their children."

One day unusual good luck came, for Black Bear caught a beaver which had lost a lower incisor, so the upper one had grown to an extreme length. He was delighted at the find, for

the deep yellow enamel was so hard that the tooth fastened into a wooden handle, could be used as an implement for carving bone.

When Jeets Bodansha dressed the beaver, she instructed Little Bird who was assisting her, remarking as she cut it with her flint knife, "This part is reserved for sacrifice," or "This portion is for the Sunjum." As her knife penetrated into the vitals she added, "That is 'taboo'; no one may eat of that, for it is unclean."

As the hungry dogs came running, she hastily snatched the bones that had been laid to one side and placed them out of their greedy reach. "Remember, Daughter," she cautioned, "it would offend the spirit of the beaver if the dogs should be permitted to gnaw his bones, or if we were careless and let them fall into the fire."

Traps for deer were set and for bear, which were considered especially well flavored at the time when they had been feeding upon acorns. One day a bear was discovered in the trap. As it was "taboo" for Black Bear to kill an animal whose name he bore (and which presumably, had been his "medicine") Occum was obliged to kill and handle it alone. After performing the ritual of the hunting charm, he called his

boys to watch while he made the necessary incisions for removing the skin. As the animal was too heavy for him to carry alone, he cut out the choice portions, carefully removing all the fat about the spine, which was considered a great delicacy by the children.

During their stay in the wilderness, the second Hunting Moon had grown from the silver crescent at the time of their coming; it had become round and full and now had waned, showing on the sky trail late in the sleeptime. The sharp frosts had killed the leaves, which had fallen and, driven by the autumnal blasts, rustled mournfully on the ground. One morning a thin coating of ice edged the river, so Occum decided to leave the insecure hunting wigwam and Jeets Bodansha, assisted by the children, removed the temporary coverings, rolled the mats and loaded the canoes with the precious store of skins, while Occum and Black Bear made a final round to collect the traps.

As the paddles dipped, Jeets Bodansha, who was huddled among the furs to keep warm, remarked, "I feel thankful to leave this lonely spot and return to our warm wigwam and the companionship of our friends."

"It is time," answered Occum, as they turned down stream, for the raw, east wind made the children shiver.

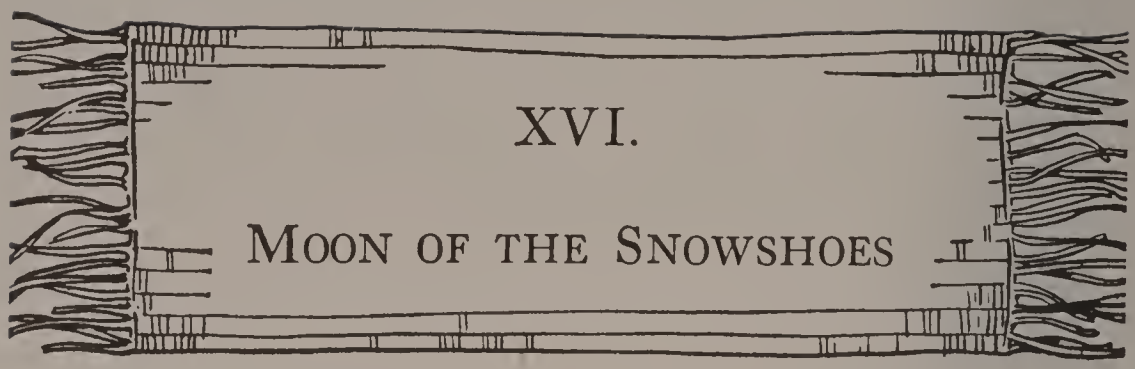
When they approached the ford, Tantaquidgeon, with eyes alight, came to greet them.

"You did not come to see the beaver dam," called Occum.

"No, I could not leave. One scout was ordered home." Looking at Little Bird, he added, "I was disappointed."

"You can see it next year," responded Occum, unconscious that the final sentence did not refer to the beaver dwellings.

"You will be home soon," he continued, "for Old Man Winter is on his way." After a glance at the leaden sky, he added as he raised his paddle, "Soon he will bring the Great Whiteness."



XVI.

Moon of the Snowshoes

It was the season of the Great Whiteness and the earth was covered with a deep, white mantle. The gaunt branches of the oaks and chestnuts of the primeval forest were outlined with flakes of snow, softly piled until they could hold no more; while the pines and hemlocks were heavily laden with great tufts of downy white caught between the green needles or stiff foliage.

Between the wooded banks a glistening white ribbon curved in and out showing where, under the icy surface, the Great River flowed silently toward the sea. Scattered among the trees on the western bank, the arbor shaped wigwams appeared like dots in the whiteness of the clearing; their plaited mat or bark coverings concealed with a heavy powdering of snow, except about the top where the heat and the smoke from the hearth fires curled from the openings.

ARROW HEAD

Inside the wigwams all was snug and warm, and an atmosphere of peace pervaded the camp. No warfare was to be feared for the present, because they were too far from their enemies for hostile raids at unseasonable times. For three moons there would be little hunting until the great moose and bear hunts of the early spring. At favorable periods a hunter might follow a rabbit, traced by its tracks in the snow, or occasional fishing expeditions would be arranged for spearing pickerel through the ice.

In the cheerful light of the hearth fires the braves busied themselves making new bows and arrows, tomahawks and flint axes, grinding wampum or carving the wooden mortars and bowls. Many gloomy days were whiled away when several would gather in the wigwam of some crony and relate stories; the old men re-living their youthful days as they recalled their experiences during the rebellions

against Sassacus, or the later great war with the Pequots. The young men frequently joined them, desiring to let no crafty methods of warfare escape their knowledge. Gambling, always a favorite diversion, frequently ended the gatherings. Hubbub and other games with bowls or baskets of dice were the most popular, but some even bet on the number of straws, as they adapted the game of Pu-in for indoor play, seating themselves around a blanket.

Often a player would gamble away most of his belongings, his wampum, his weapons and even his clothing. Sometimes an irate wife, exasperated to the limit of her endurance, as she saw the precious skins on which she had expended so much labor, one by one piled beside a player more lucky than her husband, would turn the inveterate gamblers from her wigwam with scathing words. There were traditions of gamblers who had staked and lost even the skirts belonging to their wives; but all denied than anyone in Mohiks had so lost his sense of honor; however, there was a law that no one could gamble away his wife's tunic, or garment, over which the bitkaz (skirt) was worn.

The women devoted the long freezing-time

to fashioning new garments, ornamenting them with borders of shells or with fringes cut with a clam shell. They embroidered intricate patterns with dyed quills or wampum beads, not only on dresses, but on bags, leggins and moccasins. Alternating with the finer work was the weaving of the many baskets and painting designs on the smaller ones. While there was little opportunity for idleness they, too, visited the wigwams of their friends, and sometimes work was laid aside and the rattling of the painted beavers' teeth in the wooden bowl might have been heard had a passer-by chanced to listen at the rush curtain. The dice games were popular but gambling was not a necessary part of them.

After frolicking in the snow the long twilights were the delight of the children, for this was the season of story telling when the birds had flown southward and the butterflies had gone to sleep, so there was no one to carry the tales; these were forbidden in the summer because the bees, the squirrels and the people would stop their work to listen and no food would be provided for the winter.

Now there could be no famine, for the bees had stored their honey in the hollows of the

trees and the squirrels had gathered their supply of nuts. Crow Feather and Pigeon Wing listened eagerly to the many legends of the Little People of the woods; of how Gluskap, the Creator, transformed the animals and birds or slew the giants; or to the amusing stories of how Tca-na-mid,* the trickster, outwitted his opponents.

As fascinating as the legends were the stories of the real life of the animals, for all their habits were known to the hunters, who passed on the knowledge to their sons. Occum was wise in the lore of the woods and knew all the voices of nature; the call of every bird had for him a meaning; weatherwise, he prophesied concerning the phases of the moon, the signs in the clouds and the direction of the wind.

After the evening meal as each family grouped around the hearth, the children listened to the stories and lore which were a necessary part of their education fitting them for their life in the wilderness.

One evening, not long after their return from the hunting trip, Crow Feather said, "Nuc, please tell us a story about the beavers."

Occum waited a brief time, thinking, then

*(Tc, pronounced like Ch.)

began, "Among some of the people, who live nearer the wigwam of Old Winter, they tell how the beaver changed his tail. They say that the beaver had a long, narrow tail. He liked to dive, but his tail was not heavy enough to help him. One day he met a muskrat. His tail was short and broad; it held him back when he was swimming. The beaver said, 'I like your tail better than mine. You could swim better with mine. How would you like to change?' The muskrat thought he would like that, so he agreed, and each took the other's tail. Once the muskrat wanted his own tail back and asked the beaver to change, but he refused. Ever since, beavers have had broad, flat tails and the muskrats have long, narrow ones."

"What made the muskrat want his old tail again?" queried Crow Feather.

"I don't know," his father replied, "but it shows that animals and people ought to be satisfied with things."

Occum filled his pipe and silently smoked while the children chattered about what would have happened, and how the animals might have lived, if they had not changed their tails. Finally, he inquired, "Did you know that these animals exchanged their haunts?"

"No," answered the boy, while Pigeon Wing added, "Please tell us."

"A long time ago, the muskrat used to live among the poplars and willows, where the beavers live now. The beaver used to live in the marshes and eat sweet flag. Each thought the haunt of the other better suited to him, so they changed. Ever since, the muskrat has lived in the marshes and the beaver has built his hut in a stream among the trees."

During the Moon of the Snowshoes came the great, never-to-be-forgotten snow fall. Early in the morning the feathery, white flakes began to fall upon the white mantle that already covered the earth, and fell steadily all the day. The wind scarcely seemed to breathe, so all during the sleeptime the flakes piled softly and evenly.

When Occum opened the rush mat he faced a white bank with not a glimpse of the sky visible. The children shouted in glee and rushed for the shell shovels and soon had burrowed a covered trail to their sister's wigwam. Through this they scampered back and forth delighted with the unusual frolic. They were followed by their elders, for only the parents remembered such an experience. Black Bear

and Bright Moon, carrying the baby, came through the snow trail and found Occum looking over a bundle of Time Sticks.

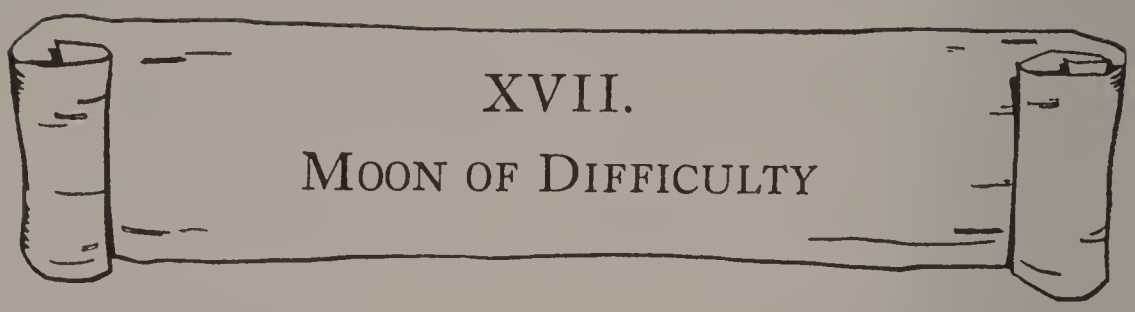
"Father-in-law," inquired the younger brave, "how long since there was so much Gun?" (fallen snow).

"I do not find the Stick notched for the great snows. It must be five and twenty freezing-times, at least. I will ask the Sunjum when we can reach his wigwam."

"It is fortunate that there was no Witun (wind) for the drifts would have been dangerous."

"Yes." There was a reminiscent tone as Occum continued, "when I was about the age of my youngest son I remember su jpo (snow falling) for three sleeptimes. It must have been as deep as this, perhaps deeper."

The weather was not cold and the rays from Father Sun caused the snow to disappear, sufficiently, after a few sleeptimes so the braves could go about on their snowshoes. The great Gun furnished a topic for many a conversation as the old men compared Time Sticks and related tales of half-forgotten snow falls of moons long past.



XVII.

Moon of Difficulty

It was a wild day, gray and cheerless. When directly overhead, Father Sun was circled with a wampum belt so dark that only a dim light appeared, showing dully through the snow which, driven by gusts of wind, swirled around the clearing. Occasionally a stalwart figure closely wrapped in skins, ventured a short distance to a neighboring wigwam, but most were content to remain shut inside, while without, the wind roared as if in baffled rage.

Within the wigwams, all was warm; from time to time a strong blast bent inward the mat at the entrance, causing a crevice through which the fine flakes sifted in little whirls. Others, blown down through the smoke opening, dropped into the fire, hissing as they touched the glowing embers.

A fierce blast broke a thong fastening of the entrance mat, and a swirl of snow flakes blew across the wigwam smiting Occum in the face.

Brushing them from his eyes, he exclaimed in an irritated tone to Jeets Bodansha as she passed him to refasten the mat, "The Omahas do well to call this 'The Moon when the snow sifts into the tents;' but instead of sifting, this storm seems to be trying to bury us."

Jeets Bodansha, sitting close to the fire to take advantage of its full blaze, was weaving a basket; Occum, on the other side of the hearth, selecting from a basket beside him a broken bit of round clam shell (quahaug) chipped out the purple center with a sharply pointed stone and began the first shaping of a wampum bead.

Before him on the earth floor was a flat stone on which he laid the piece of shell, and holding a smaller stone laboriously rolled it until it was the size of a tiny twig. Crow Feather, sitting on a mat facing his father, watched the process while he fondled the ears of his puppy crouching beside him, with his drowsy head laid on his paws outstretched to the fire.

When the shell was nearly the proper thickness, Occum cut it in short pieces and, taking it in his left hand, held it against a very sharply pointed stone, which he used for a drill by rolling it on his thigh with his right

hand. Patiently and carefully he worked until the hole had been drilled, when the bead was again polished between two stones. Except for an occasional remark of instruction there was silence in the wigwam, as all were intent upon their work. When at last the bead was completed, Occum glanced up and found that even the faint glimmer of light had disappeared from the opening as the time had come for the clouded Sun to close his wigwam.

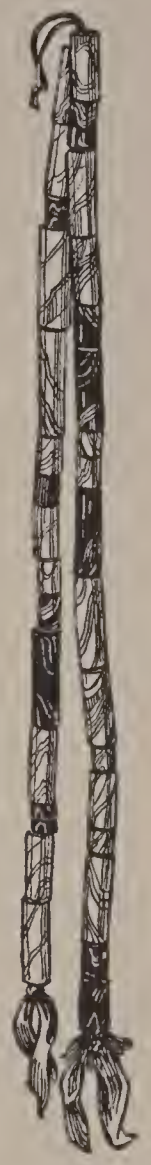
Jeets Bodansha had prepared a venison stew, very appetizing for a cold, stormy night and supper eaten, Occum filled his carved tammank (pipe) made from a chestnut burl, and prepared for an evening of relaxation and story telling as the family gathered about the hearth.

Before he decided upon the subject, Crow Feather, fearing serious instruction, pleaded, "Nuc, please tell us about the trickster." Occum smoked, thoughtfully choosing which of the many tales he would relate and finally began:

"As I have told you many times, Tca-namid was a trickster. He knew the ways of magic. He usually outwitted his opponents. One day he boasted of his strength. A man also boasted.

Each time the man told what he could do, the trickster said, 'Oh, I am stronger than that.' Seeing that the man was about to leave, he said, 'I am so strong that I can squeeze water out of a stone.' 'You can't do that,' the man answered. 'If you can squeeze water from a stone, I can.'"

"Tca-namid went into the wigwam for an instant and came out with a small stone in his hand and climbed a tree; holding out his hand, he squeezed and a few drops of water fell to the ground. Then the man picked up a stone and climbing another tree began squeezing his stone. No water oozed from it. He pressed harder until the stone cut his hand, but still no water. So he came down. The people laughed and called out, 'You brag! You pretend to be as strong as the trickster.'"



STRING OF WAMPUM

"The trickster was stronger, wasn't he?" questioned Crow Feather.

"I am not so sure," replied his father. "He deceived the people. It was not a stone. It was a lump of dough!"

"Do you call that honest, Nuc?" queried Red Squirrel.

"No, Namakkis, but you see he was a trickster. He practiced magic. While he managed to deceive people, they always suspected there might be some trickery."

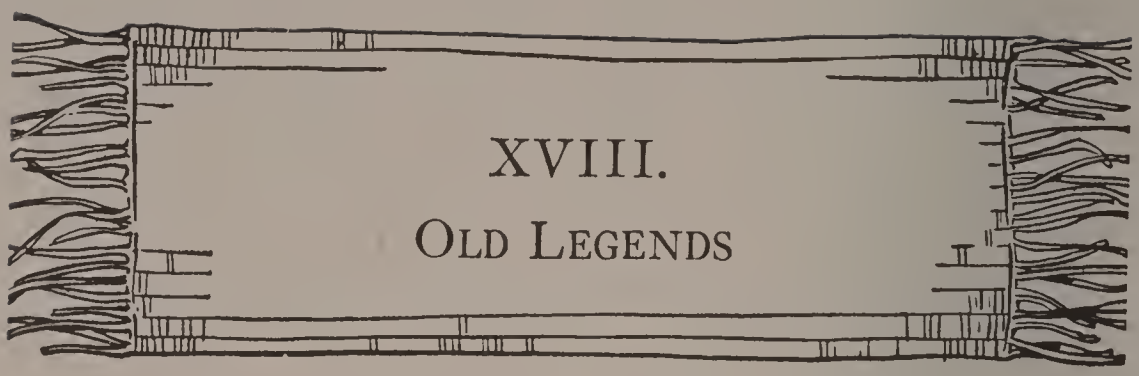
"It must be fun to be a trickster," Crow Feather added. "When I grow up I want to be one."

"Namakkis," in a stern voice threatened his father, "if I catch you practicing any such tricks, I will punish you so hard that you will not forget it, and never try it again! I wish you to grow up an honest brave. Remember, no cheating! Don't try to copy a trickster."

Resolving that hereafter he would tell only stories of brave warriors or old legends of animals and birds, he tapped the ashes from his pipe and after a few minutes said, "Children, it is time to go to bed."

Refilling his pipe, for a while Occum sat; resting comfortably with his back supported by his mantle drawn about his knees, until the crumbling fagots sent out a duller glow. Lost in drowsy contemplation, he had ceased smoking but rousing himself he knocked the gray refuse from his pipe and laid it carefully away. Jeets Bodansha laid aside the work that had been lying idly in her lap and safely covered the dull red brands with ashes.

Soon all was quiet. Warmly wrapped in their skin robes the cold without was forgotten and in their dreams, the blustering of the storm and the crackling of the icy branches were softened by the imaginary stir of leaves, the rippling of streams or the gentle lapping of the paddles in quiet waters.



XVIII.

Old Legends

The snows continued to fall, one storm following another, making indoor life more of a necessity than usual. As the children grew restive from the confinement, story telling was not reserved for the period between the evening meal and sleeptime, but became frequent during the time devoted to work and idleness.

During one of the storms the boys were wandering aimlessly about the wigwam, somewhat inclined to bicker, having nothing else to do, and as Occum sat down to polish a bow of tulip wood, he commanded, "Boys, sit down and be quiet! I will tell you about Gluskap."

Never tired of the stories, mother and daughters also drew near to listen as they busied themselves with quill work on moccasins or leggins.

"Gluskap was a transformer and hero. He lived long ago. Stories of him are told among the people who live near where Father Sun

comes forth from his wigwam. He lived with his grandmother, Woodchuck. She taught him how to hunt and fish. Then she showed him how to make a canoe.

"One day he came home and found his grandmother having a hard time fishing. He thought, 'I will help my grandmother,' and built a weir across the river. He left an opening in the center so the fish could enter. Then he went to the sea and called to the fish telling them, 'The ocean is going to dry up and you will die. Come to my river and you will live.' So all kinds of fish came. When the weir was full, he closed the opening. Then he told his grandmother what he had done to help her. When Woodchuck saw what he had done, she told him how future descendants would suffer if she and Gluskap had all the fish they wished. She told him to turn them out. He opened the weir."

"Tell us more about him, Nuc," begged Red Squirrel.

"Wait until I smoke," for Occum had begun to fill his pipe before the tale was finished.

After a few whiffs the stories were resumed. "As moon followed moon, Gluskap became a great person. He conquered all his opponents.

He defeated all the dangerous beasts. When he found anything that made work hard he changed it. When he found that the wind blew too much to hunt for duck, he made two long journeys to change it. He conquered the Wind Bird and made him promise to wave his wings only for a day or two and then rest a day, so there would not be a strong wind all the time.

"Then he went on a long trip. He went out to transform things, so future descendants would not have such hard times. He took his canoe. He entered all the rivers flowing into the ocean, and lowered all the dangerous falls, to make them easier for the people. He conquered all the magicians who brought evil to the people.

"When he had been gone a long time, he went home to his grandmother. Woodchuck was glad to see him for it had been a hard winter. Many had starved to death. The snow had been deeper than it was here in the Moon of the Snowshoes. There, it was so deep that even the tree-tops were covered. When Gluskap saw how hard it had been, he said to his Grandmother, 'I am going to find Winter. Where is he?' His grandmother told him that it was too far away and he would freeze, for no one could live there.

"Gluskap had made up his mind to find Winter, so he told her to make him six pairs of very strong snowshoes. Then he traveled, and wore out one pair after another. The weather grew colder. While he was wearing the last pair he came to the wigwam of ice. He went in; the entrance closed; he could not get out. He spoke to Old Winter politely, as 'Grandfather.' The old man of ice mocked him, saying the same words. He asked him to let him out, but the old man still repeated his words. Then Gluskap froze to death. The old man threw him out. Gluskap lay there until spring. He woke up. The snow wigwam had melted. He started back home. He decided that sometime he would steal Summer for the people and overcome Old Man Winter."

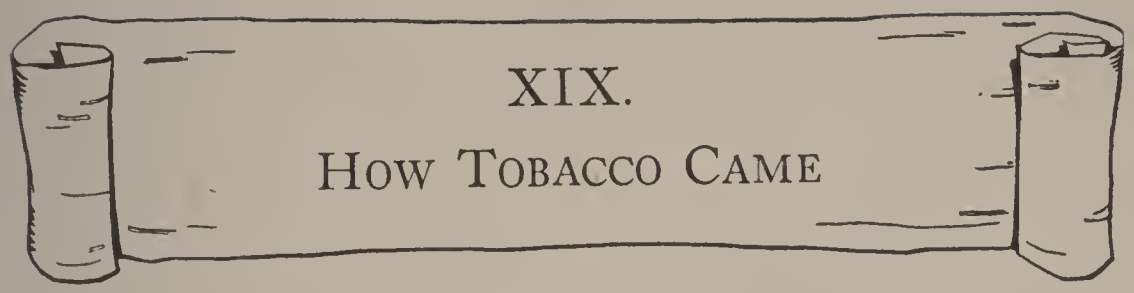
Rising, Occum said as he looked up through the smoke opening, "The storm is over and I must go to see the Sunjum."

"Oh, Nuc," begged Crow Feather, "will you tell us more about Gluskap before sleeptime?"

"Perhaps if you are a good boy. You must go out of doors now."

The young people went out for a frolic. Some of their playmates, hearing the joyous shouts, joined them and Crow Feather pro-

posed rolling a snow figure. When Occum returned for the evening meal he was confronted by the likeness of Old Man Winter, standing close to the entrance.



XIX.

How Tobacco Came

The following morning as soon as Occum had settled himself for his after breakfast smoke, Crow Feather said, "Oh, Nuc, please tell a story about Gluskap. You promised to tell more last sleeptime."

Perhaps reminded of one by the filling of his pipe, he inquired, "Have you ever heard how Gluskap brought tobacco to all the people?"

"No, I thought it grew among the Podunks and on the other side of the Long River."

"It does; but the seeds were brought there from some other place."

A few more puffs and then he began, "Once, when Gluskap came home, Woodchuck told him they were out of tobacco. When he asked, 'Where does it grow?' she told him that Grasshopper raised it. She said, 'He lives on a big island. It is far out in the water.' Then she told him that Grasshopper was too stingy to

share it. Seeing that her grandson was thinking about finding it, she told him that Grasshopper was a dangerous magician.

"Gluskap was not afraid. He built several canoes until he made a fast one that glided a long distance. When he pushed off he made a magic wish for Grasshopper to go away from home. When he reached the island, Grasshopper had gone away, so Gluskap took all his tobacco, even from the fields. He put it in the canoe. He carried it to his grandmother. He told her there would be plenty, always.

"Grasshopper came in his canoe. He called angrily, 'You stole my tobacco!' 'Yes,' answered Gluskap, 'so my descendants will have some. You raise too much to use it.' Then Grasshopper begged him to give him back some seeds, so he could raise what he needed. Gluskap refused, but told him that he would give him all he needed for his lifetime. He told Grasshopper to open his mouth and he put some in. Then he split his coat so Grasshopper could fly away with his share of tobacco.

"Ever since a grasshopper has wings and always carries his tobacco in his mouth. He chews, and spits about on the grass. You can see it wherever a grasshopper has been."

"Where does he get more?" asked Crow Feather.

"Gluskap must have made some magic, for it lasts. Grasshopper always has it."

The story finished, Occum rose and before he could invent some excuse for leaving the wigwam, Pigeon Wing pleaded, "Nuc, do tell another story."

"Only one more now. Do you know what makes the wrinkles on a turtle's back?"

"You have not told me since I was a little girl."

Her mother hid a smile, thinking that eight winters was not so very old. Occum then began the narration of the turtle's misfortunes.

"Gluskap went with Turtle, his uncle, on a journey. They came to a village. They called at the wigwam of Auk, the Chief. They saw his three daughters and Turtle wanted to marry the youngest. He said, 'Nephew, will you send marriage wampum for me?" Gluskap agreed, and it was accepted. They were married at once. The Turtle provided a great feast; the people danced and played games. When they had a jumping contest Gluskap said, 'Uncle you jump too. Jump over Auk's wigwam.' The people were surprised for he out-jumped the

young men. Turtle felt great pride. He said, 'I can do more.' He started to jump again. Gluskap made a magic wish and Turtle caught in the poles of the wigwam. He fell on his back into the fire. Auk could hardly snatch his son-in-law out. His back was all dried and wrinkled. Every turtle's back has been so, since that time."

Rising before anyone could speak, Occum said to Red Squirrel, "Come Namakkis, we must go into the forest and burn down a tree for a new canoe. It is a good time when there is plenty of snow to stop the fire."

The sky was clear and under the brilliant rays of Father Sun the snow-crust sparkled, dazzling the eyes with its radiance. As the entrance mat was swung aside a rush of fresh, crisp air caused Little Bird to exclaim, "Nannang, I must go to see one of the girls! May I?"

"Yes," and as the children rushed for heavier mantles, Jeets Bodansha continued, "and while the children are playing outside, I will go and see if little grandson is well."

With the Sun gone, they gathered around the hearth fire with eagerness, for the keen air had given them a zest for food. All were hungry, but Crow Feather hurried, dipping his wooden

spoon into the steaming kettle time after time, until finally his mother remarked, "Namakkis, you remind me of the story of the trickster."

"Which one?" mumbled the boy, his mouth stuffed with venison stew.

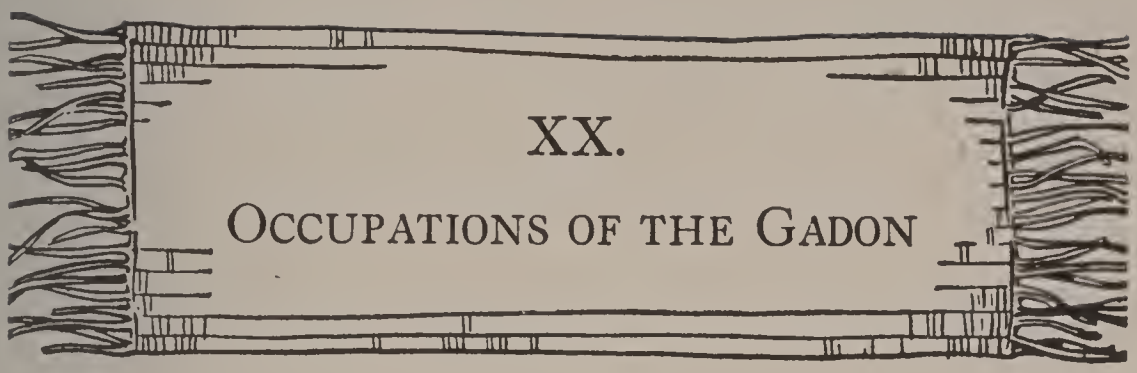
While waiting for her husband and sons to finish she related the tale of the Eating Match. "Tca-namid and another man bragged about which could eat the most. It was decided to hold a contest. The trickster went home and fastened a skin bag under his mantle. The time came for the contest; a big kettle of soup was placed between them. They began to eat. When the man had to give up, Tca-namid laughed and said, 'Eat more! I am not full yet,' but the man was beaten. Soon the trickster stopped. He said, 'Hand me a knife.' He asked the man if he would do what he did. The man said, 'Yes.' Then the trickster stabbed at his stomach with the knife. The soup ran out. Everybody was astonished, but the trickster laughed for he had fooled the people. He had stabbed the bag. The man not knowing the trick stabbed his stomach. It killed him."

"I haven't fooled anyone, Nannang," said Crow Feather, not seeing how the story applied to him.

"No, Namakkis, but you are eating as much as if you were filling your stomach and a bag, too."

Red Squirrel made a provoking grimace at his younger brother, but carefully concealed from his parents, which caused Crow Feather to redden with anger. Noting the chagrin which she thought was caused by her story, his mother said, "Eat all you need. Growing boys must have plenty of food."

Story telling for that day was over, for friends of Occum and his wife came and the evening was devoted to games, and dancing to the rhythm of the rattles.



XX.

Occupations of the Gadon

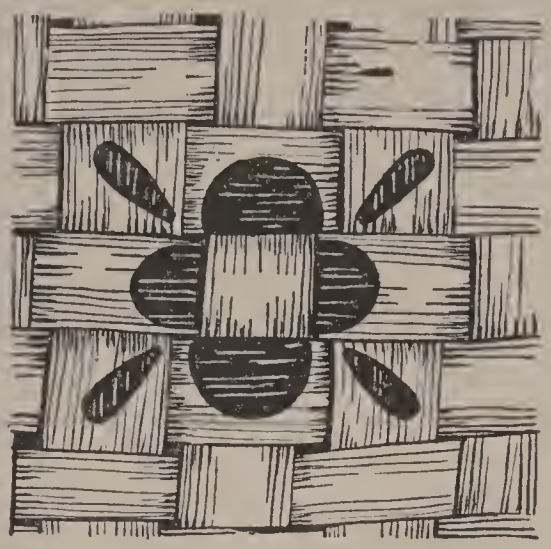
While Black Bear and Occum had taken the boys for a day of spearing pickerel through the ice, Jeets Bodansha with her daughters went to the wigwam of Bright Moon who was to assist Little Bird in painting a basket.

To Pigeon Wing was assigned the duty of looking out for her mischievous nephew, now nearly fourteen moons old. Too lusty to be confined to his cradle board, except when necessity demanded, constant attention was necessary to keep him from creeping into the fire or playing havoc with the housekeeping implements, for on more than one occasion he had thrown a wooden spoon or ladle into the fire.

Jeets Bodansha had taken a partly finished manuda (or basket) with the bottom round, and the foundation splints of brown ash radiating from the center. Preparing the splints during the past season had been a laborious

process, for it was necessary to pound the entire log in order to separate the layers of wood. Then the splints were shaved smooth and cut the proper width with a hand gauge. As she wove them in and out, Pigeon Wing was constantly on the alert lest the baby should creep too near his grandmother and injure his eyes against a splint, for he was attracted by the bright red and blue ones that she was using as fillers to form a decorative border about the top.

On the other side of the hearth, her daughters were preparing to paint designs on their manudac (baskets), rectangular in shape and woven like checker-work, with the splints of equal width. Various designs were discussed and after a time Little Bird decided to paint a simple border about the top of her basket using a chain-like line of black, edged on each side with alternating dots of blue and red. Her mother suggested the same border for the diamond-shaped space on one side to enclose the conventionalized flower design. There were several variations of these, more or less elaborate, with one square of splint forming the center, or corolla, of the flower, surrounded by four petals and with four corner sprays rep-



TYPICAL BASKET DESIGN OF THE MOHEGANS

resenting the calyx. One favorite design was painted with triangular bars crossing the center splint and a line of fine dots outlining the petals. Little Bird chose this, the most elaborate of all.

"But Sister, this is so much work," expostulated Bright Moon, "besides, there will be too much sameness, as all the borders have dotted lines."

After much persuasion the younger girl decided on the simple flower design with the corner sprays suggested only by a single leaf.

Bright Moon took from a case the crude brushes, made by fraying the end of a wood splinter, and placed beside her sister three small bowls of pigment. Attracted by the bright skwa yo (red) dye made from boiling

down some wild cranberries, the baby crept swiftly over and, in his haste plunged his hand into the suga yo (or black pigment) made from huckleberries or skoke. When Pigeon Wing sprang to rescue him, he smeared his face, and all laughed as Jeets Bodansha remarked, "Our little papoose is trying to paint his face so he can go on the war trail."

Rescued from mischief and the surplus pigment wiped from his face, although a stain remained, he caught sight of the scalps hung from the sapling arching his father's compartment and reaching up toward them, screamed lustily. The "No, no," of his little aunt aroused his baby wrath and Bright Moon was obliged to quiet him before continuing with her work. Then she placed him in the arms of Pigeon Wing, who swayed her little body forward and back, softly crooning the lullaby that she was accustomed to sing to her wooden doll. The sleepy eyes closed and the mischievous baby was asleep, so his grandmother left her basket weaving to lay him on the bed.

Tired little Pigeon Wing, curling up close to the fire, pleaded, "Nannang, please tell me a story."

"What kind of a story, little Natanis?"

"Oh, about the fairies, or the river elves, or about when you were a little girl."

"I told you a fairy story yesterday. How would you like to hear about the dwarfs?"

"That would be nice," with a long, pleased sigh.

Little Bird interrupted a moment to say, "Sister, please move the zi wamba yo (indigo) nearer."

While Bright Moon diligently continued painting the four corners, from the rim to the bottom, of her basket, with geometric designs of alternating red and indigo, Jeets Bodansha, deftly weaving the colored splints began:

"Many, many moons ago, when I was a little girl like you, I was in a canoe on the river with my father and mother. We were near the pine woods on the eastern bank, yonder," nodding toward the northeast. "Running about between the trees, I saw such strange little people. 'Mother! Look!' I cried.

" 'No, no!' she said after a glance. 'Those are Makia wisag (dwarfs) who live in the woods. Don't look at them! They will point their fingers at you. Then you cannot see them.' Then my mother continued, 'If a Makkis (dwarf) should ever come to the wigwam and

beg you for food, you must give it to him or he will be angry and point his fingers at you and you cannot see the naughty things he might do.' "

"What naughty things?" inquired Pigeon Wing.

"I don't know. Perhaps steal something, or break a clay kettle or spoil a nice skin."

After a thoughtful silence, Jeets Bodansha asked, "Do you remember the pictures and markings on the rocks around the fort above the trail?"

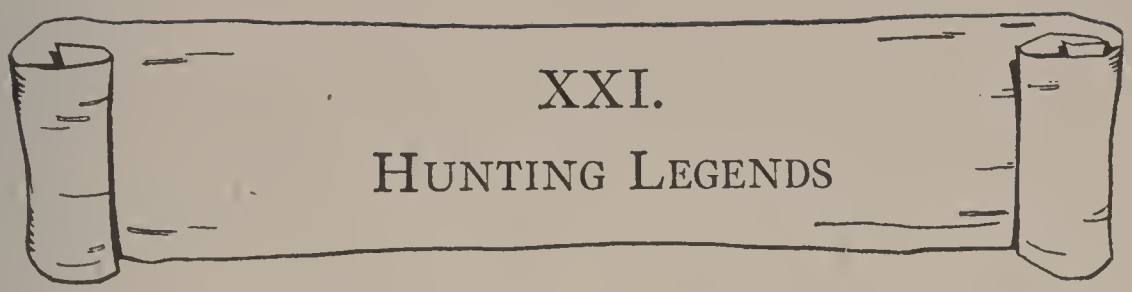
"Yes, Nannang."

"The Little People made them."

"When did they make them."

"I don't know, child. No one can remember."

The baby, waking, began to coo, which aroused them to the passing of time. The young matron laid aside her brush to prepare the evening meal. Jeets Bodansha, rising, held out her hand saying, "Come little Natanis, we must go now and have the wigwam warm and a hot supper ready for Nuc."



XXI.

Hunting Legends

During the last moon of the Great Whiteness, when the warmer winds began to melt the white mantle that covered the earth, great hunts for moose and bear took place.

In preparation for the great event, as the family gathered around the hearthfire following the evening meal, Occum, as he filled his clay pipe, remarked to Red Squirrel, "Namakkis, you are to take part in the hunt for awausseus (the bear) so I will tell you more about him."

Crow Feather stopped playing with his puppy and came closer to listen; Pigeon Wing, tightly clasping her wooden papoose, raised her serious little face in attention; while Jeets Bodansha and Little Bird, who were engaged in making gungawantc (leggins) moved nearer.

After a few puffs, while they settled themselves to listen, he continued, "Know, Nam-

akkis that awausseus is the most esteemed and reverenced among all the animals. He stands like a man; he walks like a man and he uses his paws like hands. He knows so much, that among some peoples, it is thought so great an honor to kill a bear alone, that they say it is 'as brave a deed as to slay an enemy.' I have heard that among the people who live nearer the wigwam where Father Sun comes out, a bear is called grandfather or grandmother; others call him cousin."

He knocked the ashes from the carved pipe, refilled and lighted it and after puffing a few times, he continued: "Some say that bears understand when men talk to them."

"How do the people know that, Nuc?"

"The hunters who live in the frozen north, near the wigwam of Old Man Winter, go to the den and call, 'Grandfather, come out!' or some such words, for each tribe has its own form of speaking to him. The bear growls, so they know he understands. Some tribes, far in the northwest, call a bear bad names when he runs away, so he will get mad, like a man, and come back to fight; they feel sure that he understands their words."

With awe-struck expressions, the children

remained silent while he smoked in thoughtful contemplation. He added, "Instead of waiting until they use the hunting charm after his death, some far-away hunters tell a bear before they kill him, how sorry they are to take his life, but that they need food and clothing. Others ask him not to let the spirits of other bears be angry. Some tribes not so far away believe that bears understand. Nujanas (My Grandfather) told me that the Seneca hunters (who live not far beyond the country from which our ancestors came) also made a speech to the bear before killing him."

"What did the Seneca hunter say?" questioned Red Squirrel.

"Nujanas said that his ancestor was too far away to hear the words."

Thinking that enough of the mysterious side had been mentioned before Crow Feather and Pigeon Wing, the father turned with a loving smile saying, "Little ones, would you like to hear how a bear lives in the winter?"

"Yes, Nuc," exclaimed the children in unison, wriggling about to find more comfortable positions, and happy smiles dispelling the seriousness.

"Nobody builds a nice wigwam, covered

with mats, and a hearthfire in the center, for him. Each grown up bear hunts about and finds a warm cave in the rocks or a hollow where he buries himself under the snow, or he may hide in a hollow tree if he finds one large enough. There he lives alone during all the freezing-time, for he does not have to go out in search of food, because Gluskap, the Creator, taught him to suck his paws for nourishment."

Seeing a questioning look on the face of Red Squirrel, his father inquired, "What is it, Son?"

"How can he keep from being hungry?"

"Some think that the froth on his paws is a juice, or the fat oozing out, for him to live on. Others say that his paws may be covered with honey which remained on them after he had robbed the bees, or a mixture of ants and their eggs which clung when he trampled upon the ant-hills. However," he added decisively, "all the tribes know that awausseus sucks his paws."

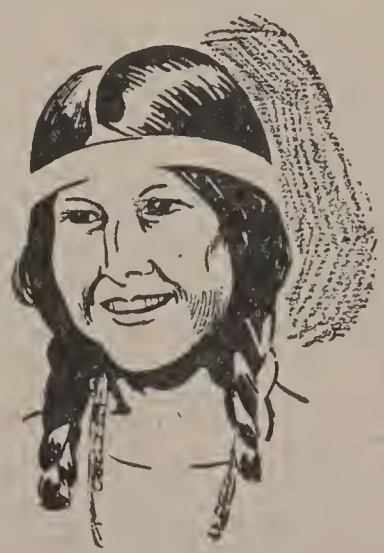
Turning to the two younger children, he said, "Now run to bed; it is late."

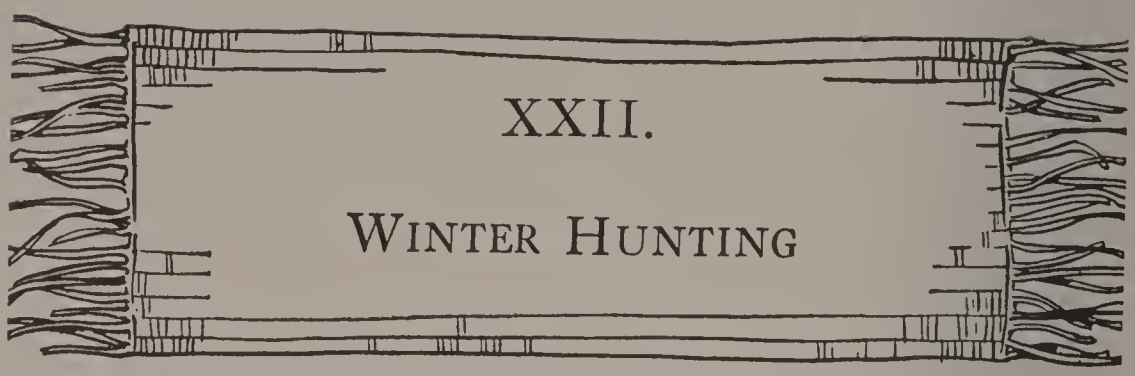
"Oh, Nuc, do tell us about the little bears," pleaded Pigeon Wing and Crow Feather in unison.

"Not now, it is too late, except that if you were cubs your Mother would raise her black paw and give you a hard spanking, because you are not minding."

Their father's tone was not severe, so laughing at the thought of little cubs being spanked, the children obeyed.

Jeets Bodansha and Little Bird laid away their work in a bark case. While the mother drew the fagots to the edge of the hearth and covered the glowing embers with ashes, Occum and Red Squirrel gave a final look to see that the needed hunting implements were ready. Then lying down on their crude beds, and warmly covered with furs, they were soon in the land of dreams.





XXII.

Winter Hunting

Then came the great day of the hunt.

After observing the hunting rituals, the men started out on snowshoes. Armed with their stone axes for hunting the bear, some of the hunters also carried bows and arrows in case of moose crossing their trail. Red Squirrel had his quiver well filled with arrows and his hunting charm hidden at the bottom of his game pouch.

After the first light snow fall, the lairs in the caves and hollows had been located by hunters following the tracks, and now the places could be identified by the vapors arising about the openings.

Moons earlier, a den had been discovered by Puppompogs and without turning aside at other signs, he went directly toward it. He removed his snowshoes. Advancing to the entrance of the cave, while the other hunters of his group held back, he called to the bear to

arouse him; and, at the same time, throwing a stick inside to startle him awake.

The bear did not respond. Puppompogs entered the den to drag out the beast, as it was considered unworthy to kill a bear when he was asleep. As he buried his fingers in the thick fur at the back of the neck and began to drag him, the bear was half wakened. Red Squirrel had crept in, following the hunter and stood watching, as the brave walked backward. When the entrance was reached, the glaring light of the bright sunshine on the snow fully roused the bear. Growling ferociously, he sprang on all fours, while Puppompogs jumped outside, raising his tomahawk. Red Squirrel followed swiftly but was hardly out of reach when the bear raised himself on his hind legs and, roused to fury, began striking viciously with his huge, clumsy paws, started toward him. Red Squirrel raised his bow, but his father shouted, "Run! Boy, run!"

The other hunters had removed their snowshoes and stood with battle axes poised, ready to rush to the defense of the hunter. Seeing the danger of the boy several started to protect him, and they danced about evading first one huge paw and then the other.

The bear's eyes reddened with madness, his teeth gleamed between the thick lips of his dripping muzzle, as baffled, he became more enraged. The apologies for attacking him, which might have been offered by all the combined tribes, would not have served to appease his outraged spirit!

While the hunters distracted the attention of the bear, Puppompogs, seizing the opportunity, aimed a blow at his head and stunned, the animal fell to the ground. Before he could recover, another powerful blow of the tomahawk, square on the forehead, dispatched the beast.

Red Squirrel withdrew with the braves, while Puppompogs placed tobacco in the mouth of the animal and performed the rites of the hunting charm as a recompense to the spirit of awausseus. When the others returned, they sat about the slain animal and ceremonially smoked their pipes before assisting the captor in carrying home the heavy game.

In accordance with custom, the braves dressed the bear; for the women were not allowed to perform their usual task, as with the lesser game. The hunters carefully observed all the taboos, which were more strict concern-

THE BEAR RAISED HIMSELF ON HIS HIND LEGS AND, ROUSED TO FURY, BEGAN STRIKING . . .

ing the most respected of animals, both as to cooking and consuming the flesh. When all the meat had been eaten, proper respect was shown to the skull. Not even a fragment of bone was allowed to the hungry dogs, lest the outraged spirit should communicate with the spirits of other bears, and prevent future captures. During the feast, Puppompogs received many congratulations; while admiring his daring, Tantaquidgeon and many other younger braves were envious of his good fortune.

On another day, while Black Bear and Red Squirrel were out with Occum in pursuit of game, they crossed the fresh tracks of a moose and turned aside to follow the trail. Speeding along swiftly on their snowshoes, they soon spied the moose feeding upon some low willows at the edge of a swamp. The wind was blowing in their faces, carrying the scent of the hunters in the opposite direction, so the animal was unaware of their approach. As they started to bend their bows, he ambled leisurely along for a few paces and commenced to nibble when, sensing danger, he raised his head to listen and bounded forward!

Sing! went the arrows, as it had been agreed that all should take aim. The arrows of both

OCCUM PERFORMED THE CEREMONIAL OF THE HUNTING CHARM

men penetrated vital spots, and that of Red Squirrel was a credit to the marksmanship of the youth. It showed the rigorous training of his parents, for, following the instructions of his father, each morning during his childhood his mother had tossed something into the air. Now he understood the reason why no breakfast was allowed until he had succeeded in hitting the falling target.

Black Bear gave the credit of the game to his father-in-law, so he and Red Squirrel with-

drew while Occum performed the ceremonial of the hunting charm. As the moose was too heavy to be carried, in preparation for removing the hide, they rolled it on its back and pulled its head backward until its face lay on the ground. The boy then gave careful attention while his father made the first incision at the lower end of the dewlap and ran the flint knife to the middle of the under lip. Again inserting the knife at the starting point, he made a straight cut down the body.

Probably tired from the exertion, as Occum had passed his prime, he turned to Black Bear saying, "Son-in-law, you may finish."

The younger brave then inserted his knife at the starting point and made a straight cut down the inside of each foreleg to the ankle and from the end of the body, down the inside of each hind leg.

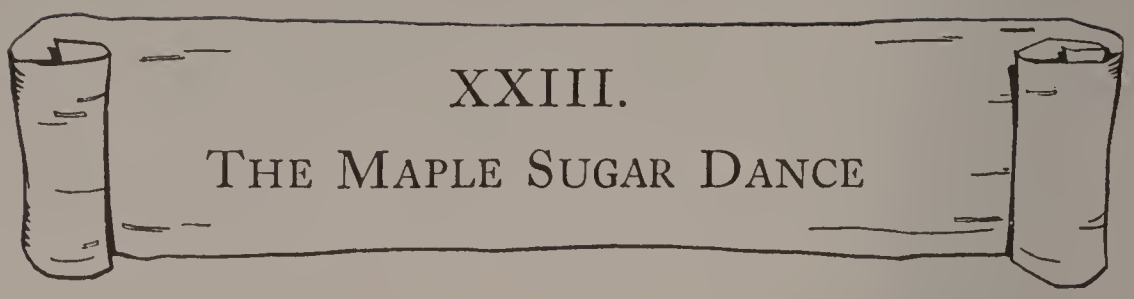
Turning to Occum he inquired, "Father, do you wish to finish? You have had more practice."

"No, you make clean cuts," said Occum.

Then Black Bear made a cut around the mouth, and up the nose to the base of the horns, so the hide could be removed in one piece.

Turning to Red Squirrel, Occum remarked, "It requires skill to make such even lines. The most difficult is to follow the dewlap, and we hunters take pride in our dexterity; for it not only adds to the beauty of the skin, but it increases its value by much wampum, especially when it is to be used as a robe."

The game was divided, so each could carry a part, with Occum taking the foreparts which were to be given to Uncas, according to custom.



XXIII.

The Maple Sugar Dance

Although some snow remained, nature was awakening from the long sleep of the freezing-time. The sap was commencing to flow and the season had come for the Maple Sugar Dance, or festival, to thank all the trees for their benefit to man and to invoke their protection and good will for the coming year.

On the day appointed by the Council, the earlier part was devoted to games, while the women were preparing the feast, but before Father Sun had traveled very far on his journey the religious ceremonies took place. Near the foot of a large maple tree a fire had been kindled and the one chosen to be the speaker approached; sprinkling tobacco on the fire and first giving thanks to the Creator, he addressed the maple:

"O, Great Mundu!
We bring to you
Our grateful thanks
For the gift of trees.

O, trees of the forest
We bring to you
This sacrifice.
O, trees of the forest!
We come to thank you
For our protection.
O, trees of the forest!
We come to thank you
For food and warmth.
O, trees of the forest!
We come to thank you
For our canoes.
O, then, great maple!
We here beseech you
To let the sweet waters
Continue their flow."

Then followed the ritual dances, symbolizing the life of the trees and their gifts to mankind; and these closed the ceremonies, while Father Sun was round above.

The remainder of the day was devoted to gaiety and to the lavish feast, at which were served great quantities of venison, the dried fish and lobsters, which cooked in water made appetizing food, the bread, made from ground chestnuts, the corn meal cakes filled with dried berries and other foods had been hoarded during the cold weather.

The feast gave an opportunity for the young men to seek the maidens whom they fancied, and although under the watchful eyes of their elders, many a surreptitious word of love was conveyed under the gay banter in which all were participating. Tantaquidgeon edged his way from one group to another until he reached the side of Little Bird, but on several occasions he had no sooner begun conversation with the attractive girl than Puppompogs, detaching himself from others, would cause an interruption of his pleasure, and, disheartened, the younger man would be obliged to hide his discomfort.

Following the festival, while the men were engaged in the bear and moose hunts, the women tapped the trees and began to gather the sap for making the maple sugar.

A year before, the men had girdled the trunks of trees suitable for canoes and, during the milder days of the late winter, had been engaged in roughly hollowing them by applying fire to one side of the trunk. Then they were burned down and the charred wood scraped out and the interior smoothed and polished by rubbing with a stone dipped in water. Later the bow and stern were shaped

THE THIN SYRUP WAS POURED INTO A KETTLE AND THE BOILING BEGAN

by the same processes so the dugout would cut the water in paddling.

While the hollowed logs remained in the forest they were used for holding the sap which was emptied into them from the birch bark basins or pails, which were filled, drop by drop, by the sap flowing through the basswood troughs inserted in the bark. Every two or three days the rounds of the trees were made and the sap emptied until the canoes were filled.

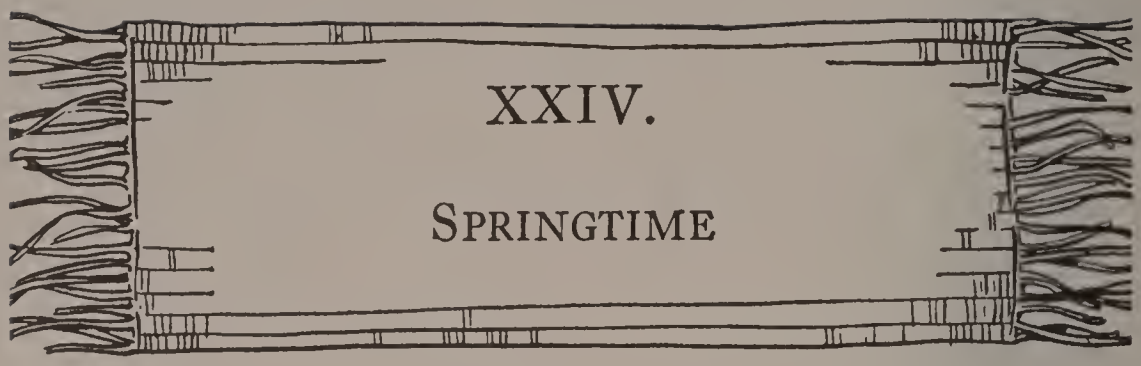
Then came the great day for the making of the sugar, when the women, children and old men went into the sugar camps. For each family in a group, a camp fire was built; above it three stakes were driven into the ground, the tops crossed and tied together with grape vines, or cords of wild hemp, and the clay kettle suspended over the fire. The thin pale syrup, brought in pails from the canoes, was poured in and the laborious process of boiling down began.

The children danced about in their play, making frequent trips to the kettle and finding it not ready, could not wait and took surreptitious drinks of the sap, which was rather insipid and sickening after a few swallows. Some

of the older ones were allowed to help in stirring the steaming mixture, with the long-handled wooden spoons, until finally the syrup had thickened sufficiently to congeal when poured in long threads on the snow.

The children with whoops of joy sprang to the portions assigned them by their mothers. While the young people feasted, their elders were obliged to stir continuously and to work swiftly lest the mixture should scorch and also to make the sugar fine. If over-cooked the crystals were coarse and the cakes so hardened that even their strong teeth were endangered and one might need a stone hatchet for breaking it. Some of the sugar was poured into bark cases, or into the stalks of hollow reeds, or even into the beaks of duck to make dainties for the delight of the children. When it had hardened, some of the lumps were pulverized in the mortars and packed in bark cases for sprinkling on yokeg for feast days.

As the Dance was one of the happiest festivals of the year, because it was the first celebration held at the close of the long, cold winter, so this outing of work and play was a happy event, always anticipated at the end of the Great Whiteness.



XXIV.

Springtime

The maple sugar harvest marked the passing of the Gadon (winter). While there were many days when the Kskac ssen (wide-way wind) blew fiercely from the northwest, bringing biting cold, still the warmer south winds were pushing, gradually, Old Man Winter back to his frozen wigwam in the north. There were many indications of the approach of the Blossom Time and the Season of the Hot Suns. A thin coating of ice covered the ponds and brooks, but underneath, the little streams could be heard murmuring a song of rejoicing at their release from the icy grasp. The willows were putting forth the little gray catkins and the red buds had begun to tinge the maple twigs with a rosy glow.

Even before the maple harvest, a few cohonks (wild geese) returning from their winter home among the Powhatans, were seen and at the same time a few bluebirds, robins and

song sparrows appeared. Now, larger flocks of geese were passing overhead and filled the air with raucous cries upon finding the ponds frozen, where they were accustomed to alight. The birds appeared in larger numbers, brought —as the children were told—on the backs of the cohonks; among the later arrivals red-winged blackbirds and phoebes were joining their songs with the springtime chorus.

Perhaps thrilled by the songs of the birds or by some quality in the air, the young boys instinctively had taken their small bows and blunt arrows and gone out hunting chipmunks; this was another indication of the coming of springtime.

During the last moon of the Great Whiteness came the first peal of thunder, which was considered the sign that the life-giving forces were awakening after the sleep of Winter. The Thunder God, the most powerful of all the Manitous, had been invoked by chants and dances to send the rains. As the last vestige of ice was melted, the peeping of frogs announced the arrival of spring.

The Moon of the South Winds had hung her crescent in the sky. Fleecy cloud wigwams obscured the Sun for brief periods, while send-

ing gentle raindrops pattering on the turf; then the Sun's rays would burst forth, forming a wampum bow of delicate tints against the now smiling skies.

The children searched for the early saxifrage, bloodroot or anemones, and later for the tiny, sweet-scented white violets; these were followed by the fragrant arbutus and blue violets. The tiny, reddish leaves of the early shoots of wintergreen found their way between the rosy lips for the pungent leaves are sweeter to childish lips than the autumn checkerberry.

When the shad bush had begun to show the feathery white blossoms, Pigeon Wing proudly announced to Anitassis, "I am eight winters old, now. I'm just as old as you!" quite forgetting that after two more moons her little friend would have another birthday and could count nine winters.

Rumors were heard that Miantonomo had been sending messengers among the River Indians and, also, had reported falsely to the Paleface Fathers at Suckiaug that Uncas was plotting against him. This activity caused apprehension, so Uncas called his Council to discuss the best measures for protection. It was decided to send stronger forces of scouts to

guard the fords of the Showtuck and a still larger number to guard the trail at the westward, in case an attack should be made by Sequassen, leading the River Indians.

Following the inactivities of the winter, the young braves were eager for action and many volunteered for scout duty. These underwent the necessary fast and medicine sweat, then gathered in the Council Lodge to smoke the pipe and take the vows of loyalty. Tantaquidgeon was sent to the ford of the Showtuck and Puppompogs, older and with experience in warfare, was made chieftain of the scouts guarding the western trail.

Sleeptime followed sleeptime. The Moon of the South Winds hung late in the sky and made her journey among the stars just before the dawn was born. Then came sleeptimes of darkness, until the pale crescent of the Moon of the Corn Planting hid behind the ridge of hills, not long after Father Sun closed his curtains.

The routine of living went on. The men prepared their hemp lines, the fibre nets, the brushwood mats and went out for their daily fishing. The Council was called and the matron for the corn planting was chosen; the fields

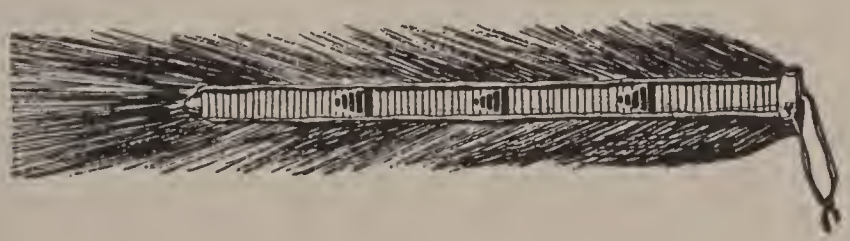
JEETS BODANSHA AND PIGEON WING

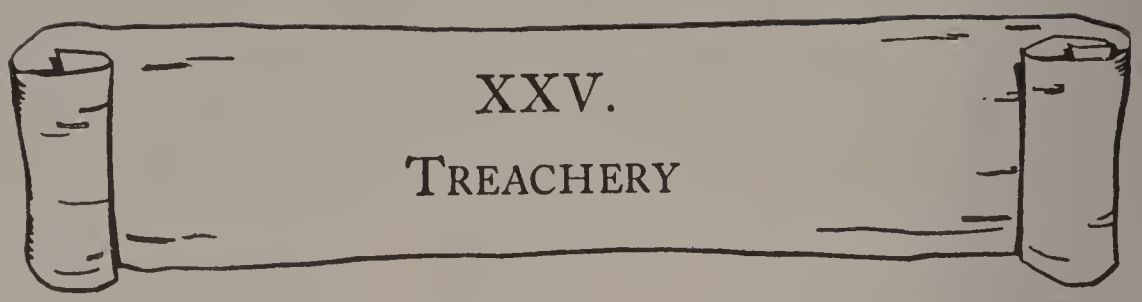
were prepared; the corn soaked in its medicine and the day appointed for the ceremonials came; the same chants were sung and the dances took place as in former years, for the ceremonials never varied. The seven women who had been chosen, planted the seven sacred hills to the old time chant. That completed, with the seeds pressed down and the footprints showing, they went about the general planting of the communal fields.

Laughter and gaiety enlivened the general planting. The women chatted with those in

the adjoining rows; the children played in little groups among the trees that edged the clearings; the maidens of marriageable age exchanged confidences. Little Bird completed her row and paused to rest under a tree; White Flower, whose row was finished first, came to join her and told of another meeting with her lover. Little Bird said nothing, but thought of the young scout guarding the far-away trail, whom she had met in the Blossom Time thirteen moons before.

While they were engaged in these peaceful occupations, treachery had brought danger to some of their number, and already sorrow was hovering over the camp. Unless an amicable settlement could be brought about, war threatened.





XXV.

Treachery

When the women were planting the corn and the children played under the trees, while their older sisters were exchanging tender confidences, Uncas and several of the sagamores were returning from a trip to the Quinihtituck where they had been to visit their friends and former home among the Podunks. It was in that section where some of them had lived for a while when Uncas was in rebellion against his kinsman and former Sachem, Sassacus, before he had defeated him in the war against the Pequots.

One of their objects had been to trade for tobacco, which grew luxuriantly in that section and developed a particularly fine flavor in the red clay soil, inundated by the River during the spring freshets.

They had loaded their canoes and were paddling quietly homeward. When about half way down to the mouth of the River, a sudden, faint sing was heard, then arrows came flying from among the trees on the river banks. No

one was injured owing to poor marksmanship, as their assailants were dazzled by the rippling reflections of the sunlight on the water.

After paddling along the shores of the Little Salt Sea during the night, Uncas and his braves returned up their Great River as the Sun came forth from his wigwam in the sky. When they neared the camp, loud wailing was heard. They were greeted with the news that while several of the men were fishing for trout in one of the streams flowing into the Oxo-paug-suck (Oxoboxo) at the west of the camp, they had been attacked by some of the River Indians. One of the chiefs was badly wounded and beginning his death chant, *"Yu ni ne ne andai: jibai oke: ni ki pi ai: ni mas setcu" ("Here I am. To the spirit-land I am going, I shall pass away") had died as with faltering lips, he breathed the last syllables.

His companions had borne his body homeward. Already the Shaman stood outside the wigwam, chanting in a loud voice to the spirits of the departed kindred that the brave, who had met such an unhappy fate, had started on the long trail to join them in the abode of Kieh-

*(By permission of Dr. Frank G. Speck.)

tan in their Happy Hunting Ground, far toward the Southwest.

Prepared for burial in his best mantle, with the five eagle feathers that he had won for bravery in his hair, and wampum about his neck, his body was wrapped in skins and suspended from a pole by thongs fastened at the neck, waist and ankles. It was carried by two friends whose faces were blackened, and placed in a canoe. Other friends, with their faces also painted black as a symbol of their grief, followed, carrying his moccasins, his bow and beaded belt with the quiver filled with arrows, his hunting pouch and flint knife to be laid beside him; also wooden bowls filled with food to sustain him on The Long Trail.

Several canoes were filled with sorrowing friends to follow him on his final trip up the Great River. When they reached the basin of the Yantuck the canoes were halted at the foot of the waterfall. To the chant of the water as it dashed musically over the rocks, the dead sagamore was borne up the narrow trail—under the sunlight flickering through the leaves and lightening the shadows cast by the overarching trees which lined the high banks—to

rest in a plot not far from where the royal Chieftains were buried.

Here in a grave lined with birch bark he was placed with his face toward the rising sun and surrounded by all of his implements of war and of the chase, with the bowls of food near his head.

The first sad ceremonies completed, his comrades sat down around the body and wept, not restraining the tears that flowed down their cheeks, as one after another recounted his bravery or kind deeds when sickness or sorrow had come to them. After some time devoted to eulogies, stakes were placed across the opening to hold a covering of bark, and when it was covered with earth, and their dead comrade was closed from their sight, their grief burst forth again.

The grave was surrounded by a fence and a fire kindled on the mound. When the final ceremonials were over and the braves departed, two of his nearest kinsmen were left to guard the fire for the duration of four sleeps, while his spirit was on the Long Trail to the abode of Kiehtan.

Wailing was observed for the chieftain at sunset and at sunrise for the length of time

their etiquette demanded for one of his rank. His family remained inside the wigwam to receive the visits of their friends, who showed their sympathy by tenderly stroking the cheeks of the bereaved ones and bidding them, "Be of good cheer." When the women were next seen, their faces had been painted black, all their ornaments laid aside and the fringes cut from their dresses as a symbol of their mourning.

After two sleeps, Uncas with a small band of warriors, took the trail to Suckiaug to complain to the Palefaces of the treachery of the River Indians. Hoping to avert warfare, Governor Haynes summoned both Chieftains to appear before him. He asked Uncas what compensation must be made.

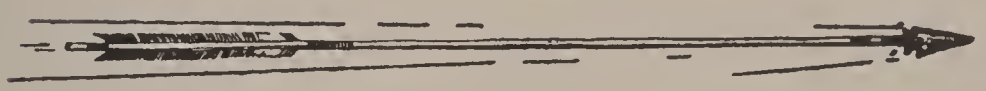
Uncas replied, "Great Father of the Palefaces, the murdered man was one of my chiefs, so the Sunjum of the River Indians must give me six of his warriors to put to death."

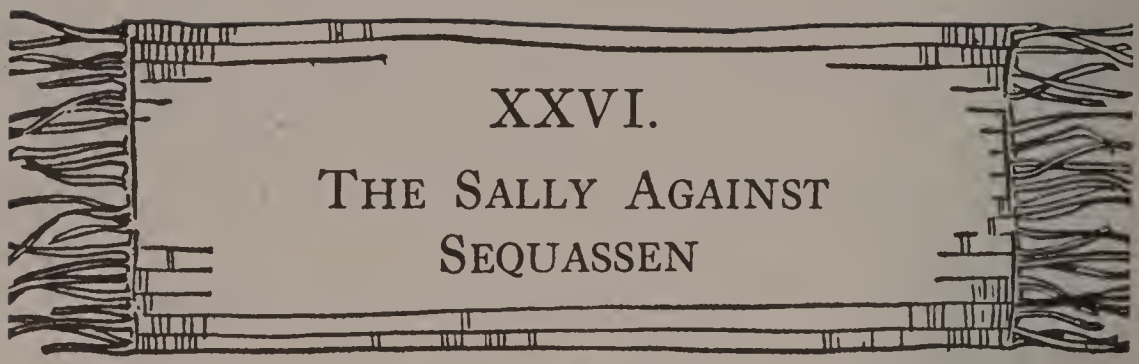
Knowing that Sequassen would never submit to so great a demand, the Governor persuaded Uncas to ask for less recompense, so finally only one man, the slayer, was selected.

Sequassen then spoke, "Great Father, the warrior named by the Sunjum of the Mohiks-i-nug (Mohegans) is a man of importance. He is

a kinsman and favorite of Miantonomo and I will not give him up, even if it means war, because the Narragansetts will help me to defend him."

As no agreement could be reached, Governor Haynes dismissed them and the magistrates told Uncas that he could "avenge his own wrongs." No one could foresee what great events were to be the outcome from the failure to bring about a peaceful settlement and reparation for the slaying.





XXVI.

The Sally Against Sequassen

When Uncas had been dismissed by Governor Haynes and the magistrates, the Mohegans returned as quickly as possible to their home, determined to avenge the death of their comrade and end, if possible, the petty attacks caused by the jealousy of the neighboring tribes.

Little time was spent in discussion by the Council before the decision was made for a surprise against Sequassen. Great excitement pervaded the camp when the great drum was struck and the herald chanted an invitation for the braves to go upon the warpath.

Then the chief warriors gathered about for the war dance. To the beat of the drum and the rhythm of the rattles, one by one they danced about the war post. Each struck the painted face with a club to signify his intention of taking the trail, meanwhile recounting the number of his battles and the enemies killed. In the paths extending from the circle,

ONE BY ONE THEY DANCED ABOUT THE WAR POST

the braves squatted in single file and as each dancer finished his recital and dropped back, the vacant place was filled by another whose enthusiasm had been aroused by the ceremonial.

The first to volunteer was Puppompogs for, while performing scout duty, he had rushed to the assistance of the men who were attacked when peacefully fishing, and accompanied the body of the murdered brave as it was borne to

the camp. The treachery of the River Indians so incensed him that he brandished his war club with vindictive fury.

Those who had pledged themselves then underwent the mysteries of the medicine sweat. This was a veiled secret to the children although they peeked inside the low arbor while a woman raked the hot coals from a hearth of round stones. The members of the war party were led by the Shaman, wearing a hideous mask, and as they entered the tent each warrior cast aside his mantle.

The voice of the medicine man could be heard chanting, as he sprinkled fragrant leaves on the hot stones for purification. When birch bark pails were passed inside there was a hissing noise and great clouds of steam arose as the water was poured over the hot stones. After a while the braves came out and rushed down to the river for a cooling plunge.

Following a day of fasting and a short sleep, the warriors were painted for battle ("decorated for death, if so the spirits willed") their nearly naked bodies showing their individual marks, partly to secure the protection of their "medicine," and partly to serve as a means of identification.

Before their departure the women sang the chants that had been composed years before, to encourage the warriors in battle and to give them power and strength to endure the hardships before them. When they embarked in the canoes the entire camp gathered on the bank to watch their going. The paddles dipped to the rhythm of the final song that the women had composed for this occasion:

"Go now our warriors brave
Your comrade's death avenge,
Nor let your courage fail,
Defeat the bold Sequassen,
The stars will guide your way
To find the victory trail."

When the braves had gone, it was with heavy hearts that the women went out to finish the planting and the old men to their fishing, although they had prayed to the good spirits to protect their loved ones and had sacrificed to Hobbamocko, the evil spirit, who knew over which wigwam the spirit of death might be hovering.

Grim determination, combined with war paint, made the most handsome and kindly faces of the warriors hideous as, with swift, sure strokes of the paddles, they swung the

canoes into the current, the outgoing tide carrying them rapidly toward the mouth.

Soon the mists enveloping the river were dispelled by the warm sunlight, and the banks were revealed in their beauty, the tender greens of the early foliage forming a vivid background for the snowy blossoms of the dogwood. But with thoughts intent upon revenge, they had no eyes for nature, and their glances sought the banks only in watchfulness for lurking foes.

It was not long before they reached the mouth, and passed the wilderness and gleaming white beach, once the property of the Pequots. The day was warm, but the gentle breezes were refreshing as they turned into the Little Salt Sea, bordering on the country of the Nehantics. Passing in sight of the fishing camps on the long point, they approached the broad neck of land where lived a band of their allies so huge in stature that their name of Giants was given to the spot.

Here they halted their canoes for a brief time, for rest, near the rock where a hair seal was sunning himself; where the gulls were wheeling, and gliding with motionless wings, before diving for the unwary fish swimming

peacefully in the shallow waters. In this bay were the rocky islets of the Two Brothers, who had been turned by a wizard into stone, and destined forever to be useful only as a breeding place for gulls. In their sheltering hollows hundreds of eggs were laid each season, to be hatched by the warmth of the sun.

Beyond the next turn the canoes glided into a narrow inlet edged with tall rushes. Here the warriors disembarked to remain sheltered for the remainder of the Sun's journey. They wished for no opposition from their Paleface friends at the fort on the western bank of the Long River, or to be seen by the allies of their enemies, who might be fishing for the abundant shad.

When the Sun had closed his curtains, and the graying light rendered them invisible, with rapid strokes the canoes turned the curve into the broad mouth. With apprehension they passed the mountain at Mache-moodus, thought to be the abode of Hobbamocko, the evil spirit. Here his angry rumblings were often heard; the heavy stones rolled from their places and large fissures opened when the earth trembled with his wrath.

When the stronghold of Sequassen was

reached they lay concealed under cover of the sleeptime darkness. With the first, faint light that betokened the coming of dawn they began to creep toward the wigwams. A rotten fagot snapped; down they fell waiting motionless, until they were sure that no watchful scout had been attracted by the sound; on again, two or three paces at a time, alert, and falling prostrate at the slightest rustle.

As they approached the nearest wigwam a dog barked vociferously. Without giving the enemy time to sense danger Uncas sprang up, shouting "Ai-ai-ai-ai!"; his warriors followed his signal, joining in the hideous yells of the battle cry.

Pandemonium reigned as the Sicaoggs, roused from slumber, jumped from their beds and rushed out with upraised war clubs. Puppompogs, the fast runner, pushed ahead and his tomahawk crashed on the skull of his nearest foe. Down went the enemy! Another was about to attack him when Black Bear came to the rescue and, with a quick blow on the uplifted arm, the life of Puppompogs was saved.

Uncas, taller and more powerful than any of his braves, sought for Sequassen, but his defenders closed about the River Chief. The

battle was furious and they fought bravely for a while, but finding themselves overpowered, turned and fled. Some of Uncas' men followed them with arrows; several were wounded, but the foe were quickly concealed among the trees.

While some of the Mohegans remained on guard, others searched the wigwams for booty ashes on the hearths, that they might be fanned and scattered the firebrands covered with into flames. Others searched for the fallen and tore away the scalp locks; but Puppompogs and three others, in their zeal to avenge their murdered friend, wielded their flint knives with vindictive fury, completely severing the heads of their victims and bearing them in triumph to the canoes.

The dawning light warned the invaders to hasten before the runners could reach the settlements below and arrange to attack them on their return down the river. As they embarked, yelling triumphantly over the success of their revenge, the lurid glow in the west from the blazing wigwams, vied with the rosy glow showing between the parted curtains of the eastern sky.

After another sleeptime the watchers at the

camp heard halloos resounding in the distance down the river. Everyone rushed down the bank to greet the warriors who were returning in triumph, for in the bow of each canoe was a pole holding aloft the head of an enemy.

As soon as the warriors had landed and the joyous greetings had been exchanged—for all had returned safe—the braves in single file passed up the bank, each carrying something taken from the enemy as a symbol of his bravery. The women and children seized the booty with which the canoes were loaded and carried it up the bank to pile it in the square inside the stockade until the time when Uncas would divide the spoils.

First, the ceremonial dance must be observed with its chants and yells. These expressed not only rejoicing over the victory, but were religious rituals, to still the uneasiness of the souls of the enemy killed in battle and start them on the trail to the spirit world.

The ceremonials ended, they gathered around the camp fire and while Uncas decided upon the division of booty, he signed to his brother to relate the story of the attack.

"The winds were propitious," began Waweequaw, "and our canoes glided swiftly over the

gentle waves of the Little Salt Sea until we reached the mouth of the Long River. Here we waited to paddle up under cover of the darkness; we rested quietly in our canoes until the dawn, then crept on our hands and knees up the bank. Lying flat on the ground we crawled a few inches at a time until we were within a few paces of the wigwams, when the barking of a dog threatened to arouse the camp. We sprang up. Our Chieftain raised our battle cry. The River men rushed from their lodges. They had their tomahawks, but we fought furiously and eight were killed instantly!

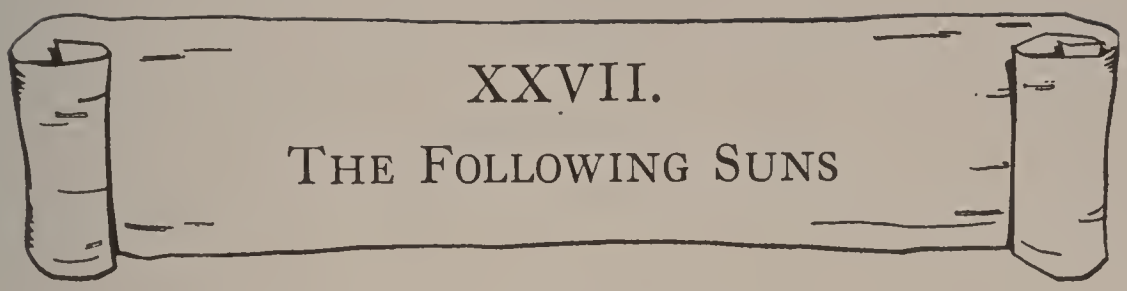
"While the women and children fled into the forest, Sequassen and his warriors bravely fought. Thirteen more were wounded! The others hid in the woods. When we had secured all the valuables that could be loaded into the canoes our Sunjum directed us to set fire to the wigwams, thus hoping to subdue our enemies and discourage future attacks, so there would be more lasting peace. I have spoken."

He sat down. A gleam of enthusiasm lighted the faces of the listeners, for, from his brief recital, the old warriors pictured for themselves the fierceness of the fight. When the

booty had been divided, every family received quite an addition to their store of wampum, of valuable beaver and other small skins; while a few mats and large skins were placed in the Council Lodge.

Then the hungry braves, having lived upon yokeg while on the trip, were glad to squat once more around their own hearth fires and feast upon the delicious mischcuppaoug (scup or porgy), the fish of the finest grain and sweetest flavor. It was considered a greater delicacy because caught in the vicinity of the Little Salt Sea only in the Moon of the Corn Planting and when the wind blows from a favorable direction.

As the warriors rested after their meal, groups of friends gathered in the wigwams to question and listen to further details of the fight. The boys, not daring to question, listened no less eagerly to every word. Ardently wishing for the time when they could equal the courage of their elders, they were so roused by the enthusiasm of the braves that they continually engaged in mimic warfare, and it was not many days before Crow Feather and his playmates came near getting into trouble.



XXVII.

The Following Suns

The excitement from the battle lasted for several suns although the routine of the camp went on as usual. When the men paddled up to their weirs in the Showtuck they carried the story of the sally to the scouts who were guarding the fords. They also were stirred by the success of the expedition; but these young braves, who only a moon before had been so elated at being on duty in such an important place—with its possibilities for peril and winning honors in event of a surprise from the Narragansetts—felt a deep chagrin at the lost opportunity for showing their valor.

Tantaquidgeon, ambitious and eager to prove his courage, wondered, "What spirit have I offended that such good fortune passed me by? Have I spent so much time in games and swimming, hoping to increase my strength and skill, that I have neglected to fast, and listen in silence to the guiding voices of the spirits of the air?"

The victory and its probable results were discussed over and over among the others who, with their hemp lines, bone fish hooks and large nets, turned their canoes toward the mouth of the River to catch the larger varieties of fish that came up from the sea. The only event that occurred to divert their thoughts took place when a large sturgeon, leaping wildly to escape from the net, landed in one of the dugouts threatening to overturn it. While it was not unusual to find sturgeon in that part of the River, the strange manner of its capture furnished an interesting topic for conversation.

As the women went out to inspect the planted fields, they gathered in groups to mention to one another the honors a husband or son had gained; or, when they prepared the fish for drying, listened to the men who sat around the camp fire.

The bravery of Puppompogs was most frequently mentioned; although absent, as he had returned to direct the scouts in the westward forest, he became a still greater hero to the youths. No young boy deigned to walk about the clearing without his short bow and blunt arrows. Their little bodies could be seen wrig-

gling along on the ground between the wigwams, or in and out among the trees, while any convenient stump served for a war post to be struck by a fagot, as they lived in imagination the experiences of the victors. Occasionally, when some demure little maiden walked along mothering her doll, one of these mischievous warriors would spring from behind a tree, uttering a terrible whoop and frightening her nearly as much as a real enemy. More than one tried the same trick with his mother—to his sorrow!

With praises of Puppompogs continually spoken, many a maiden secretly wished that upon his return, he would bring ornaments of wampum to her father's wigwam, thus asking her to tend his hearth fire.

In her thoughts, White Flower pictured another brave as she had seen him embarking or returning in triumph with a trophy in his hand. For some reason her father did not favor the lover, but she hoped that the honor gained might overcome his prejudice. She confided many of her fancies and hopes to Little Bird, who listened and wondered about her own future. Hoping that her brave might be a noble hero, the proud face and haughty carriage of

Puppompogs would appear like a vision, then slowly fade into the noble features of the youthful brave whom she had met on the trail early in the Blossom Time.

XXVIII.

The Alarm

It was a hot morning in midsummer. Many of the women were out in the fields scratching the earth around the rapidly growing corn, and cultivating the beans, for there had been little dew and the leaves would not show rust spots when touched by the soil.

Some of the braves had taken the canoes and were fishing in the vicinity of the camp; the older men were down under the bank treading out clams with their bare feet—for it was low tide in the Great River.

Pigeon Wing, Humming Bird, Crow Feather and several other boys and girls were down on the narrow strip of sand, within sight of the old men, and were playing. Sometimes they chased and ducked each other in the water, or threw small stones at some distant rock as each thought of some new game to play.

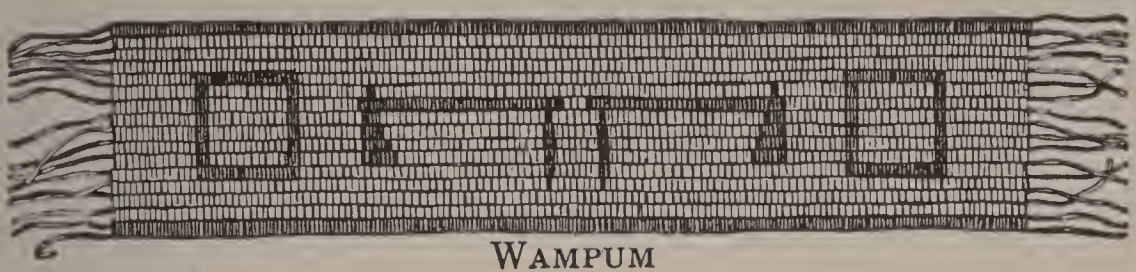
Suddenly the peaceful occupations were disturbed. Sharp yells were heard from the for-

ests above the camp, the signal of danger! More cries were heard coming from a canoe that was being propelled with great rapidity, from far up the river! The braves paddled in from their fishing. The old men and children clambered up the bank. The women came running back to their wigwams.

In an instant all was confusion. Tantaquidgeon, the fleetest runner among the scouts, had reached the camp with the news that the Narragansetts had been seen crossing the ford of the Showtuck and starting in the direction of the Yantuck!

There was no time for council but each warrior, hurriedly snatching his battle club, tomahawk and bow and arrows, started at full run, with Uncas leading.

For a while the camp was a turmoil. The old men, once fierce warriors, threw aside their buckskin blankets and putting on their quiver belts, sat grasping their bows, with their tomahawks within reach, prepared to defend to the best of their feeble ability; muttering curses upon the "treacherous Narragansetts," who had disregarded the rules of warfare, for Miantonomo had sent no brave to demand satisfaction, or declare war, and give Uncas time



WAMPUM

to send for his allied chieftains. Well they knew that the enemy hoped to take them by surprise and destroy them, but fearing their craftiness, Uncas had kept scouts on the look-out for many moons.

One muttered, "May the sun scorch him!" Another added, "He sent no man with a wampum belt, having the symbol of tomahawks, to declare war!"

Red Squirrel and the other youths were stationed outside the stockade to watch for a first glimpse of the enemy, and even the little boys grasped their bows and peeked through the openings. As his mother and Pigeon Wing passed him, Crow Feather proudly drew up his little body, saying as he stretched his bow-string, "Don't be afraid, I'll shoot 'em."

After a short silence while they grew more and more angry, one old man growled, "May the Rivers drown them!" One prayed to the Winds to deflect their arrows and another ejaculated, "May their battle axes break!"

Meanwhile the women came hurrying from the wigwams, their backs loaded with heavy packs of clothing, suspended by the metomp across the forehead, and their arms filled with cooking utensils and food. To Little Bird and other girls was entrusted the precious wampum, while the children did not forget their toys. Some of the women went back and forth from the wigwams, while others dug holes burying the wampum and some of the finest skins; then scattering fagots and other litter to conceal the freshly turned earth, or the caches where the ceremonial robes and the remainder of the corn were stored. So the day was spent in watching and concealing their treasures from a possible raid, until the nightfall.

Other scouts had run to warn those in the forest villages to the westward and the braves came hurrying in to join their Chieftain as the war party ran swiftly up the trail, over the hills, and down through the hollows past the Trading Cove and across the brook; then up the incline to the level plain above. As they reached the brow of the hill, Uncas halted his men and in a few words arranged an unusual strategy to surprise the enemy, for he had more

A Narragansett

than the usual share of worldly wisdom and was noted for his talent and craftiness in plotting.

Then on they sped, across the plain until the Narragansetts appeared coming over the hill from the ford of the Yantuck. Uncas halted his men and sent a message asking for a parley. It was granted and Uncas and Miantonomo advanced to the center of the plain between their forces. The Mohegans waited

alert, according to the instructions of their Sachem. The Narragansetts, who were more than double their number, stood careless and inattentive, probably thinking that the Mohegans would not dare to fight. Uncas proposed a single combat between himself and the Narragansett chieftain. Expecting to overpower their opponents, Miantonomo refused. Then Uncas suddenly fell to the ground; his men obeyed the signal and discharged a shower of arrows. The Sachem sprang up, raising the battle cry, and his men rushed forward, brandishing their tomahawks.

The Narragansetts recovered from their surprise and for a brief time the fight raged fiercely. Those in the front ranks engaged in hand to hand encounters with war clubs; arrows were flying in both directions from the warriors on the outskirts. The men of both forces gathered about their Chieftains for their protection, as each was a target for the enemy. Hideous yells resounded, with the crashing of battle axes.

Panic overtook the Narragansetts. They turned and fled! The Mohegans, uttering piercing yells, started in hot pursuit, each singling out the nearest enemy. Puppompogs' ar-

row found a fleeing victim; the man dropped; a swift swing of the flint knife and the dripping scalp-lock swung from the belt of the victor. Tantaquidgeon, protecting his chief, felled an enemy with a blow from his war club; a pause; he ran on with the scalp dangling at his side, his heart swelling in exultation with his first honor gained in battle!

The enemy became confused. Pursued in every direction by the Mohegans, some, thinking that they had reached the trail to the ford, fled to the basin below the Falls, others to the dangerous cliff; they jumped; but the distance was too great. They met a fate more cruel than tomahawks, as they were dashed in the depths of the gorge, where the water seethed between pointed, jagged rocks.

Miantonomo, with some of his experienced men, knowing the country fled toward the ford. Uncas shouted, "Follow Miantonomo!" So Tantaquidgeon, whose arrow had wounded a lesser man, turned aside, giving up another coveted honor, in obedience to his chieftain. Uncas fought with all his old time vigor and courage, felling a number of the enemy as he overtook their flight. Puppompogs, hearing the command of the Sachem, followed, but,

wishing to gain every possible honor, turned aside several times to dispatch a frightened foe. Tantaquidgeon hurried on, brandishing his club or speeding an arrow only for protection, and leaving the coveted scalps for the next comer.

The Narragansett Chief, impeded in his flight by the wadded corslet given him by a Paleface friend, could run but slowly over the heights beyond the Yantuck. Tantaquidgeon soon overtook him, jostling and tripping him to impede his progress while awaiting the coming of Uncas. Puppompogs, too, came up several times and prevented him from turning aside, but could not resist pursuing others and was out of sight, thus losing a great honor when his Chieftain overtook his enemy and touched him on the shoulder.

Miantonomo sank down, awaiting in calm silence, whatever might be his fate. Several of his warriors, taken captive, were tomahawked before him, but he showed no signs of fear or weakness. Uncas tried to make him speak but he remained silent. The Sachem raised a cry of victory to recall his men who had pursued the enemy as far as the Showtuck; the hands of the captive were bound; rejoicing over the victory, they returned homeward.

As he retraced the trail over which he had come with eager expectations for a successful attack to revenge his ally, there was no sign of the misery that must have overwhelmed the proud and haughty Miantonomo; with his brother and kinsmen wounded, deserted by most of his men and with the scalps of twenty others hanging from the girdles of his victors.

When they appeared at the brow of the hill they announced their arrival by whoops of victory to the anxious watchers in the camp, who awaited the returning conquerors coming down the trail.

Great was the rejoicing of the braves as they entered the camp with the haughty Miantonomo a prisoner, his hands tied behind his back with withes of willow. He carried himself proudly notwithstanding his peculiar appearance which caused considerable mirth among his captors, on account of the heavily wadded corslet in contrast to the nearly nude, painted bodies of the other warriors.

The herald stood outside the stockade and as the braves came in single file, according to the honors won, he announced the number of enemy killed or scalps taken. Immediately following the Sachem was Tantaquidgeon and

after him Puppompogs. To Uncas was accorded the honor of capturing Miantonomo.

Although Tantaquidgeon had been the first to overtake the Narragansett Chieftain and obstructed his flight, in deference to his Sachem he refrained from actual capture. While full credit could not be given to the youthful brave, the honors announced gave evidence that he had won not only the coveted eagle feather, but had gained such distinction that the tales of how he had assisted would be told around the camp fires for many a Gadon (freezing-time) to follow. Puppompogs, who missed being present at the moment of seizure, although he had assisted in hindering Miantonomo, lost the credit for the help he had given.

Soon the scalps had been stretched on hoops about six inches in diameter and fastened to poles that were driven into the ground. At one side sat the musicians with drum and rattle. To the chants of victory, the warriors danced about, at first rapidly in exultation with shouts of joy. Then came fierce yells, followed by wailing tones and the steps were taken slowly, to the lengthened rhythm of the chants.

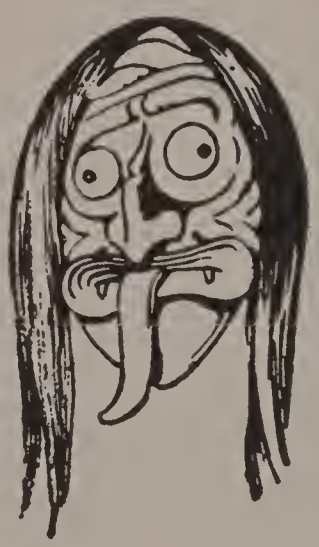
Some of the children who had never seen this ceremony, eagerly watched and whispered

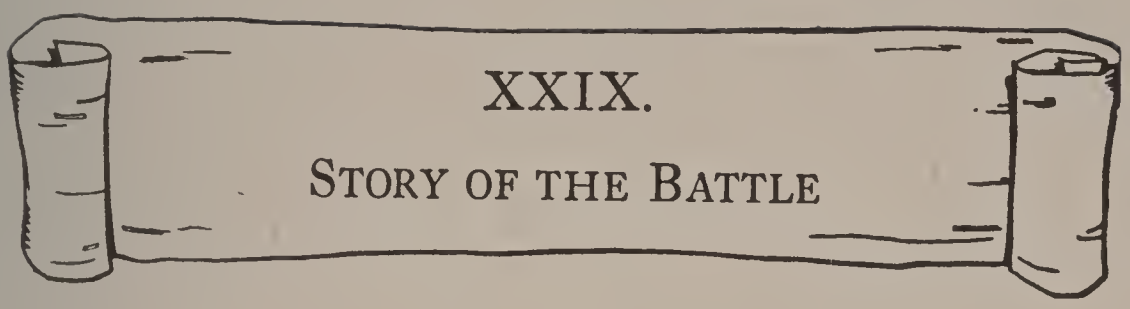
THE SCALPS WERE FASTENED TO POLES DRIVEN INTO THE GROUND

questions about it; when it was finished an old brave led them out of hearing and said:

"You must not talk during the dance. It is a sacred ceremonial, for with every scalp taken, we gain more control over the spirit life of our enemies. You must never laugh at the yell of the braves when they imitate the scalping; while it is partly in rejoicing over the victory, it is also in lamentation that they were obliged to kill. You are not old enough to understand it, but part of the chant is prayer for the spirits of our enemies who have started on the Long Trail to the abode of Kiehtan. Know that the Scalp Dance is sacred!"

The dance ended, the women hurriedly began preparing a feast. A huge camp fire was kindled; around it the warriors sat feasting and chanting long after the moon and stars began their journey on the sky trail, and they ceased for only a brief sleep when the dawn was born anew.





XXIX.

Story of the Battle

The next day Uncas and his chief men gathered at the Council Lodge to decide upon the fate of Miantonomo. As most of the councilors were former braves, too old to wield the battle axe, it was decided to postpone the discussions until the story of the battle had been told, so there was a summons for a general attendance.

At the end farthest from the entrance of the Long Lodge, on a raised seat covered with a wolf skin, significant of the tribal name of Mohiks—from maingan, or wolf—sat Uncas, the great Sachem. He was dressed in full ceremonial costume, with eagle feathers in his scalp lock and many strings of wampum around his neck covering his chest and extending to his elaborately beaded belt; thrown over his shoulders was a fox skin mantle—a symbol of his own name, Woncas, the fox, or "circler."

Grouped on both sides were his chief coun-

cilors and nearest kinsmen. In a circle on the mats around the camp fire sat the braves and back of them were the youths, the future warriors. Contrary to usual custom, the women and girls were allowed to listen, and they were grouped on mats of doe and rabbit skin at the left of the entrance, with the children close outside the Lodge.

After the great drum had been struck, Uncas gave a sign to his brother, Waweequaw, who knelt and lifted the ceremonial pipe that had been laid carefully on the hearth. He filled and lighted it with the proper ceremony and passed it to Uncas, who raised it to the sky solemnly chanting:

"Father Sun, let thy light give us wisdom." Then pointing it toward the ground:

"Mother Earth, give thy strength."

After puffing it in the direction of the Four Winds, repeating the ritual, he passed it to the oldest councilor, who puffed and gave it to the next of rank; so it slowly passed around the circle as the story of the battle was narrated.

At the sound of the drum Uncas rose with impressive dignity and spoke: "Great is the glory of Mohiks! We have gained a greater victory than has been told before in the wig-

THE PIPE SLOWLY PASSED AROUND THE CIRCLE

wams of the tribes living near the sunrise. It will be told by the camp fires in winters to come by your children's children and by their children—how the Mohiksinug, aided only by the great spirits of the earth and air to guide their arrows, vanquished the great Narragansett hordes.

"Know, Men of the Council, that after the alarm, we ran hot foot, and swift as a bird in its flight, over the hill and down across the stream above the Trading Cove until we came

to the Great Plain. There we were met by a runner who shouted, 'They have crossed the ford of the Yantuck! They are here!' Quickly I halted my warriors and in the short space of a breath had arranged a signal to surprise the enemy. They appeared coming over the hill! I sped a runner to ask for a parley.

"Then, alone, your Sunjum advanced to meet Miantonomo, who as war chief, led the Narragansetts to battle for his uncle, the old Canonicus. We met half way between our forces. I proposed to spare the lives of our warriors and said to him, 'Let us two fight it out. If you kill me, my men shall be yours; but if I kill you, your men shall be mine.'

"His warriors were as two leaves on a tree to one of ours. Hoping to overpower us and then sweep on to destroy our village—leaving the moon to shine down on the bodies of our old men and children and taking our women and maidens as captives—the Narragansett answered me with haughty disdain, 'My men came to fight and they shall fight.'

"I gave my signal by falling flat upon my face! I have spoken." Sitting down with slow ceremony, he signed to his brother to continue.

The drum had been struck. "Great Sunjum

and Men of the Council," began Waweequaw, "we stood with bent bows watching for the signal and quickly sped our shower of arrows. Swiftly as an eagle rose our Chief. Shouting our battle cry 'Ai-ai-ai!' we rushed forward with our tomahawks, our Sunjum leading. The enemy were taken by surprise, probably thinking we would not venture to fight when we were so few.

"They seemed to have no plan; after a little fierce fighting they turned and ran. I saw some run toward the ford of the Yantuck. Others turned to the deep basin below the rapids. One band was so frightened that they went straight to the cliff below the waterfall. My band followed; while we were killing some, others tried to jump across the gorge. They were dashed on the rocks below. I have spoken."

As soon as the drum had sounded, Tantaquidgeon rose and said, "Know great Sunjum and Men of the Council, that our band, shouting in victory, drove the enemy like a whirlwind through the shallows of the river, across the plain where our brave ancestors are buried; then over the ledges in the forest beyond until we had nearly reached the plain by the fords of the Showtuck.

"I had singled out the treacherous Chieftain, because he was wearing around his body a thick war garment given to him by the Pale-faces. I threw myself against him several times, tripping him, to hinder his flight until our Sunjum had finished taking scalps and could come up and capture him. As soon as our Chieftain touched his shoulder, the Narragansett stopped and, offering no resistance, sat down upon the ground. No warrior turned back to rescue him from his disgrace, so our Chief gave the whoop of victory and the battle ceased.

"The captive spoke no word. Some warriors were tomahawked before him; no sound came from his lips. Hoping to make him beg in fear, our Sunjum said, 'Why do you not speak? If you had taken me, I should have besought you for my life.' He made no answer. Then we bound his arms with withes and rolled some large stones together to mark the place of his capture. You know of our return. I have spoken."

When the "Fleetest Runner" finished speaking, the drum sounded and Puppompogs arose. Beginning with the usual formalities, he continued, "Know, that I, too, followed swiftly

after the fleeing Miantonomo and several times assisted the brave—who has related his own exploits—in impeding the flight of our captive. Because I turned aside, for an instant, to tomahawk another of the enemy, is no lasting honor to be credited to me for all the times when I retarded his flight? I have spoken." With a bitter expression, he sat down.

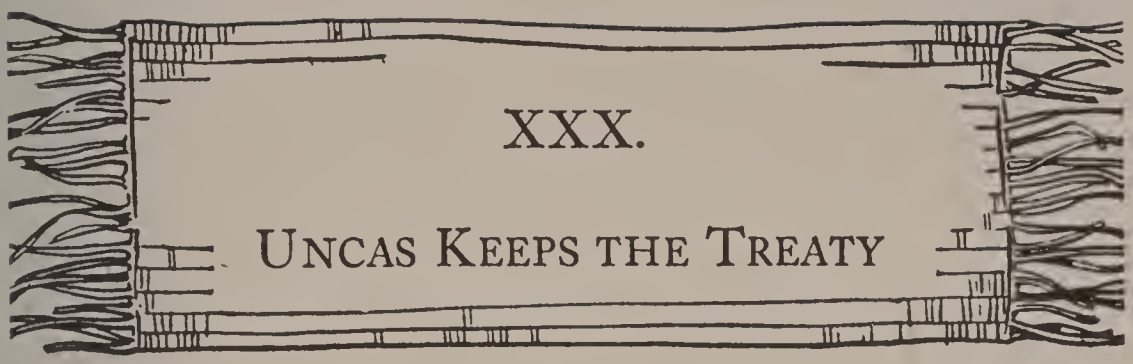
The drum struck the signal for the chants of victory. Then as the pipe was refilled and passed about, the braves, one after another, recounted their exploits, of how many scalps they had taken—for more than one young warrior was entitled to wear an eagle feather as the result of the fight. One related how he had wounded a brother of Miantonomo; another, of how his arrow had wounded a son of Canonicus; then another added that his tomahawk had injured a younger son of Canonicus, although it had failed to kill him.

Occasionally grim mirth was aroused when someone told of the cowardly fright of a few who seemed to have lost their senses; or of one who had plunged into the river below the waterfall and swam across, but imagining himself still in the water, was discovered trying to swim in the bushes!

As the incidents were related the children listened, in respectful silence, no less eagerly than their elders, the little boys ardently wishing for the time when they would become braves like their fathers and brothers. But the little girls dared not confess, even to each other, that their little hearts were fluttering like the wings of frightened birds, and they were glad that the battle had been so far away!

With the last note of the final song, the boys rushed from the Lodge with glad shouts, to join in a sham battle; but the little girls went soberly into the wigwams to make sure that their doll papooses were safe from the enemy. As Pigeon Wing patted her little wooden doll she whispered, "Keep still, little baby, don't cry, or the 'Gansetts will scalp you!"

The braves decided to leave the discussion concerning the prisoner until after another sleep. While Miantomono, too proud to plead for his life, sat in stoical silence awaiting his punishment, another great feast was prepared as the sun sank to rest and the black curtain of night was drawn over the camp. Dancing and songs of victory continued until a faint light in the east warned the warriors that the Sun God would soon come forth from his wigwam in the sky.



XXX.

Uncas Keeps the Treaty

Following the two nights of revelry after the battle, the warriors leisurely ate their morning meal of ground corn boiled with small pieces of fish and a few dried berries for flavoring. At a later hour than usual, the drum called the men to the Council Lodge for a decision concerning the punishment of Miantonomo. The Sagamores, or lesser chiefs, with their warriors from the small scattering villages in the forest toward the sunset from the Sachem's stronghold, some of whom arrived too late to take part in the fight, had remained for the council.

The same ceremonies were observed as on the previous day but the occasion called for more solemnity. Each event had a special ceremony of the pipe, so when Uncas raised it he solemnly prayed, "Father Sun, give light to our minds that our thoughts may not take the wrong trail," then pointing it downward

prayed, "Mother Earth, give us wisdom that your bosom may not be stained with the blood of hatred." After lighting and placing it against his lips (for the stem of the calumet was never taken into the mouth) he puffed it in the direction of the Four Winds and passed it to the oldest sagamore.

After the drum-beats, rising with great dignity he folded his arms and began, "My Sachems, Chiefs of the Council and men: as we decide the fate of the royal captive—although he is a treacherous enemy—let not hatred alone, rule your hearts. Speak with wisdom for, while our hearts may burn with desire to bind him to the torture stake, or our lips thirst to drink his blood, remember that with our decision may rest the fate of our women and children. I have spoken."

The drum sounded and one of the old councilors arose, saying, "Great Sunjum, because our prisoner is a man of rank shall we let the blood in our veins turn to water? Has he not spread false reports for five winters about conspiracies? Do you not remember the time when, because of his reports concerning the division of the Pequot captives, the Paleface Father at Suckiaug summoned you both to appear before the magistrates?

WAWEEQAW AND HIS BEAR CLAW NECKLACE

"Have you forgotten how he set out with his wife and children, and accompanied by several sagamores with one hundred and fifty warriors? Before our Sunjum, detained by lameness, could go, did not the Narragansett lie to the Palefaces, saying that we had robbed them? Has he not tried, many times, to make the Father distrust your friendship? I have spoken."

The drum announced another speaker, who rose questioning, after the usual formal address, "Is it not probable that Miantonomo bribed with wampum, the Pequot who wounded your arm several moons ago? We have heard that (after he ran away from here) he put the Pequot to death, so he could tell no tales. I have spoken."

Following the beat of the drum, Waweequaw rose to remind him of a recent treachery, saying, "My brother must not forget that Miantonomo probably connived with the River Chief to end your life, for Sequassen told the Palefaces that the Narragansetts would help defend him. I have spoken."

In the pause following the drum-beat, a very old man slowly rose and although his voice quavered, his eyes were flashing as he said,

"The Narragansetts have violated a custom older than the times of our grandfathers and their father's fathers, for they sent no slave bearing arrows, or a war club painted red to declare war; nor an ambassador with a wampum belt having tomahawks in the design, to signify war. I have spoken."

When the chiefs had finished speaking, Uncas arose; drawing himself to his great height, he began with his usual eloquence, "My Chiefs and Councilors, you have spoken truly of the treachery of the Narragansett. Our prisoner deserves every torture that you have wished to heap upon him; however the word of your Sunjum must not be broken!

"Five springtimes ago, according to the notches cut in the Time Stick, during the Moon of the Corn Planting, your Chief with thirty-seven men, some of whom are here today, took the trail to the settlement at Suckiaug to tell the Palefaces of our troubles with the Narragansetts. With the Father, called Governor Haynes, we went on the long trail to the country of the Mattachuseuk to see the Great Father of the Palefaces, Governor Winthrop, at Shawmut.

"We carried a present of twenty fathoms of

wampum. The Council would not receive it until the Sun had twice made his circuit of the sky trail, when I promised to submit to them our quarrels with the Narragansetts. Then my offering was received. To seal the peace between my Mohiksinug and the Palefaces, I appeared before their powerful Father and laying my hand upon my breast spoke these words: 'This heart is not mine, but yours; I have no men; they are all yours; command any difficult thing, I will do it; I will not believe any Indian's word against the English; if any shall kill an Englishman, I will put him to death, were he ever so dear to me.'

"Then the Great Father gave me a red coat; he paid the cost of the stay for all my men; gave us corn and a writing to protect us on our homeward journey, so I came home feeling very joyful. If we break our promises, the Palefaces will bring more warriors across the Great Salt Sea and their strange weapons will breathe the death fire upon us, as they did upon the Pequots. The word of the Sunjum of Mohiks must not be broken! The Palefaces must decide upon the punishment of Miantonomo. Behold the promise of the Treaty Belt! I have spoken."

His voice rang with decision in the closing sentences. Majestic, he stood motionless, with arm upraised, holding in his right hand the long wampum belt which extended to the ground.

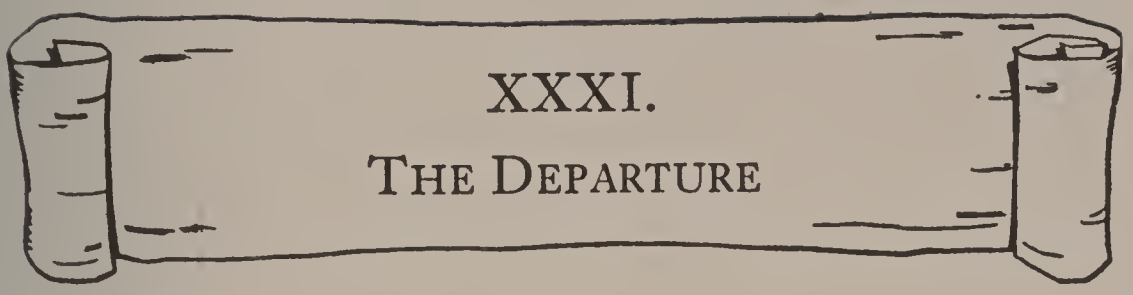
Moved by the truth of his forceful eloquence, when the vote was taken there were no dissenting voices; this was fortunate, as in important matters the majority could not decide, but every one in the council must agree. After more discussion, it was decided to consult with the Paleface Father at Suckiaug before sending the prisoner to him under a strong guard.

In the meantime many of the men had been fishing and additional camp fires had been built outside the wigwams for preparing the large feast for the extra warriors. When the curtain of the Long Lodge was lifted, little scaffolds held the mackerel cooking over the hot coals, and cakes of cornmeal mixed with raspberries were baking in the ashes.

At one side in a large hole filled with hot stones, from which the fire had been raked, juicy clams were already giving forth an aroma very welcome to the braves, who were far more tired from sitting all day on the mats, with only their mantles to support their backs as they

wrapped them around their raised knees, than they would have been after a long chase.

When thanks had been given for the bountiful feast, the royal prisoner was not forgotten, for Uncas sent generous portions to Miantonomo. It was long after the mantle of night had descended over the fiery glow from the setting sun, and refreshing breezes from the Little Salt Sea had tempered the midsummer heat, before the feast ended. According to custom, Uncas again gave thanks at the close of the repast. Who can say, but what mingled with thanks for the food was a feeling of gratitude that he did not have to decide the fate of the enemy Chieftain?



XXXI.

The Departure

Following the battle there was more than the usual activity about the camp for most of the scouts had remained to guard it more securely against possible hostilities by the Narragansetts.

The events of the fight were related each nightfall by the warriors as they gathered about the camp fires.

Although it was well concealed, Puppompogs grew more jealous and bitter as he realized that lasting fame would be given to Tantaquidgeon for hindering the flight of the captive while his own share seemed to be remembered less frequently.

The youths listened in admiration to every syllable that was uttered by Tantaquidgeon, Puppompogs and the lesser heroes; whenever any of them spoke a word of greeting, the youths felt highly honored and the maidens grew radiant at the notice of the distinguished braves.

Several of the younger men, who had gained sufficient honor, began tentative wooings as they met the groups of girls. Tantaquidgeon, unspoiled by his honors and not wishing to have his attentions accepted solely because of enthusiasm inspired by his good fortune in battle spoke cordially to all but did not appear to seek the favor of any particular one; although a keen observer might have seen that his eyes brightened and his voice softened, when he exchanged even the most commonplace words with Little Bird. Puppompogs, more haughty, also bestowed his attentions equally, except when Tantaquidgeon was present, then he devoted himself to the girl who, he knew, was admired by his rival.

Piqued that her hero of the trail did not seem inclined to make further advances—now that his new honors gave him an opportunity to do so—and flattered by the attentions of the older man, she accepted the admiration of Puppompogs with all the pleasure that was considered appropriate with modesty of deportment. Occum, too, showed pleasure and welcomed him with due honor when the brave stopped to visit with the groups of young people gathered at his wigwam.

While she said nothing, Jeets Bodansha noted that the attentions of Puppompogs were more pronounced when his rival was present; she also observed that the younger brave, whom she liked better, was ill at ease, at the pleasure shown by her daughter in the compliments of the older, rival warrior.

The maidens having no special suitor cast envious looks at Little Bird, thinking that she had won the affection of the older man; having greater admiration for the younger hero, each secretly hoped that she might be the maiden of his choice. Although there were no special ceremonials, all the mothers were aware that their daughters invented frequent excuses for wearing their best robes and ornaments.

Outwardly, the daily routine went on as usual, but an undercurrent of unrest aroused by the recent warfare and the petty jealousies and rivalries that resulted, threatened the friendly peace of the camp.

During the many sleeps that had passed since the decision to leave the punishment of Miantonomo to the Paleface magistrates, the camp had been thrown into confusion several times by the appearance of messengers bring-

ing packages of wampum for the prisoner, or garments to replace the stained skins he was wearing when captured.

Uncas remembered the kindness of Miantonomo many winters before when, after one of his many rebellions against Sassacus, and fleeing from his wrath, he had placed himself under the protection of the Narragansetts. So the captive was shown the respect due to his rank and kindly treated by Uncas and his wife. In return for their courteous treatment he had given them presents of wampum, and prompted by his generous disposition, or secretly hoping to secure release, he also gave wampum to some of the councilors.

The time arrived for the prisoner to be conducted to Suckiaug, so the women and children had another glimpse of him. Miantonomo was very tall and fine looking and carried himself proudly, although his hands were tied behind his back. While not permitted to adorn his scalplock with eagle feathers, he was wearing a handsome mantle and moccasins embroidered with porcupine quills.

Uncas, no less tall and somewhat larger, was still more imposing, for he wore his feathers and a summer mantle made from the skins of wild duck. Ornaments of bone were in his

ears, and bands of wampum about his neck and arms. As the occasion demanded it, about his shoulders and falling to his knees was the wampum belt with the symbols of the treaty made five winters before, when the Mohegans and Narragansetts agreed not to make war upon each other without first consulting the magistrates.

Fifty braves, among them Waweequaw, Tantaquidgeon, Puppompogs and Awausseus, their bodies ornately painted and dressed in their best skins, acted as a guard to prevent the escape of the captive and to honor their Sachem in the presence of the magistrates. The entire camp gathered to watch the departure and many admiring glances followed the stalwart warriors. A feeling of relief came with the disappearance of the braves beyond the ridge of hills, for apprehension had been felt that the Narragansetts might attempt a surprise to liberate their War Chieftain.

Relaxation and merry making followed; the older youths were taking their rackets and starting for the goal posts for the favorite ball games, while the little boys worked off some of their exuberance playing "Follow My Leader," with Crow Feather directing, who

carried them through most of the harmless antics known to Indian boys.

The younger men, playing "Pu-in" were dancing around a mat and waving above their heads, in unison to the chant, bundles of ten stalks of wild hemp. Mingled with the syllables of the song could be heard the voice of the leader counting a point, when a lucky player guessed which bundle contained eleven stalks. Already the skilful ones looked very fantastic with the long counters thrust through the holes in their ears or in their hair. Around and around they danced, continually chanting; never losing the rhythm as, at the signal of the leader, each threw down his bundle and stopped to take up another to continue the game.

While keeping lookout for a possible attack, the older men, engaged in a favorite game of dice, were sitting in pairs; between each couple was a wooden bowl holding five beavers' teeth, some painted with the crescent moon or stars and others with one side black. As they tossed the bowl, above the rattle of the falling dice sounded the voices of the players calling, "Nequt" (One) as a point was won; or an exultant "Baiog" (Ten) when a particularly skilful toss

caused the dice to fall in the winning combination of symbols. Occasional discussion arose as to whether all the dice had moved and a score could be counted.

The women and girls decided to go down to the point, where refreshing breezes tempered the sultry heat, and sit under the trees. It was an attractive sight as they gathered in little intimate groups; the mothers decorating with quills, or beads, the clothing for their families and glancing fondly at the little children as they rolled about on the grass; the young girls chattering about the designs, while beading their head bands or small birch boxes for holding their ornaments; and the little girls demurely playing with their wooden, or corn cob dolls or directing the first toddling steps of the little children.

Anitassis, vying with the humming birds for which she was named, darted among the groups and finally threw herself down on the ground beside her mother, stretching out her feet in front. As this was considered very bad manners, her mother, Waweequaw's wife, said, "Natanis, have you forgotten your manners? Boys may sit with their feet stretched out, except during ceremonials, or with their knees drawn up; but girls must always sit

squarely on the ground, with their feet closely curled around on one side. It is not modest for girls to sit in any other way."

In one group were women of the Sachem's household; little Oweneca (destined to be the future Sachem) who was three winters old, was having a frolic, running from his mother to his little brother to rattle the shells and bone ornaments hung on the bow of the cradle board.

By and by, one little girl tired of playing with her doll, lisped, "Nannang, p'ease tell me a 'tory?"

"No dear, I cannot tell you a story until Winter comes," replied the mother, "because many, many Winters ago, before the tribe came to live on the bank of this River, a law was made that stories must not be told in the Blossom Time, but only in the Winter after the birds have flown to the south."

"Oh, Nannang," begged the child, "p'ease tell Winter to hurry."

The Sun had disappeared like a ball of fire behind the trees, and the cloud wigwams, even in the eastern sky, were tinged with rosy colors. So the groups separated into families and, regretful that the happy holiday was over, walked slowly back to their homes.

XXXII.

Moon of the Hot Suns

When Uncas and his followers reached the territory of their allies, bordering on the Long River, canoes were borrowed from the Podunks for the trip across to Suckiaug, or Harteford Towne, as it had been renamed by the Colonists. They watched with interest the approach of the small boat used for a ferry, as it passed them on its return to the eastern bank.

The captive was conducted along the broad road, that the settlers had hewn from the primeval forest, to the knoll, not far from the landing, where stood the Meeting House and at its foot the Jail or House of Correction, that had been completed only three summers before. Here he was left under guard while his captors returned to their friends for the sleeptime.

The next morning all appeared at the small square, frame Meeting House, which was used also for civil proceedings. It was a novel sight

to some of the younger braves, who never before had accompanied the Chieftain, and their keen eyes noted every detail from clapboards and enclosed porch, to the pyramidal roof with a turret, in which was hung a bell. Once inside, the benches, the raised seats designed for seating the guard during the Sabbath worship, and the pulpit attracted their attention, although viewed with impassive faces.

When the magistrates had assembled, Miantonomo was brought in under guard, and, the formalities over, Uncas was called before them to state his errand. He addressed the Governor: "Father of the Palefaces and Councilors, I have kept the treaty on this belt; the Narragansett attacked me without warning. Although he is my enemy, I do not wish to take advantage of so great a Sunjum in his misfortune. I do not know the right trail, so I have brought him here for you to decide upon his punishment. I have spoken."

Miantonomo was allowed to plead in his own defense: "Father of the Palefaces," he began, "I complained to you of the attack upon my ally, the Chief of the River Tribes; I also gave notice to the Great Father at Shawmut. He replied that if the Mohiksinug had done me

or my friends any wrong and refused satisfaction, the Palefaces would let me choose my own course. I gave notice twice. Did I not keep the treaty? I have spoken."

After discussion among themselves, the interpreter informed Uncas that the matter must be left to the Commissioners of all the Colonists, who would meet in Shawmut, or Boston, at the waning of the Harvest Moon. The captive pleaded with the magistrates that he might be left under their guard until his punishment had been decided upon.

Then Miantonomo, so noble in appearance, so haughty and stern that all his nobles and attendants had trembled in his presence; so assured, that thirty moons before, he had twice shown disrespect to the Governor by refusing to treat through Pequot interpreters; so regardful of his rank, that only twelve moons earlier, indignant because not invited to the table of the magistrates at Boston, he had refused to dine with his men until the Governor had sent him food from his own table, was now lodged a prisoner in the small jail, while Uncas and his warriors returned home.

Following their return the feeling of apprehension vanished for a time, for it was felt that

A Flute Player

the Narragansetts would not dare to continue their warfare and arouse the displeasure of the Palefaces while the Chieftain was under their control.

Meanwhile the daily routine of life went on; the men going out for their fishing or making frequent trips to the Little Salt Sea for the

trapping of lobsters, which were considered a great delicacy, either roasted or dried for winter use. The warriors sharpened new flints to replace the arrow heads lost in battle. Huckleberries were ripe and with gathering those, cultivating the corn, the beans and the squashes, the women found the time none too long for their duties.

The children keenly enjoyed the hot, sultry days for whenever the sun burned too greatly they would dash down the bank and into the water. While the boys swam like frogs, or in any fashion they chose, there was a very strict custom which even the little girls were obliged to observe. So Little Bird had taught Pigeon Wing to swim very gracefully with her little feet held close together, swinging them back and forth sidewise similar to the swimming of a fish. With the first distant rumble of thunder they would scamper up the bank, for not even the fiercest brave liked the approach of the God of Thunder and the children especially preferred to have the vivid Serpent of the Sky remain invisible.

Contests were frequent now that a large number of scouts were released from duty. One day when the younger braves were engaged in

a game of racket ball, they heard a shrill, faint cry, followed by a chorus of girlish shrieks, "Help! Help!"

The players rushed from the goal field and when they reached the bank saw a bevy of frightened girls swimming toward the shore; some, half paralyzed with fear, were making little headway and the braves plunged in to assist them. Tantaquidgeon with long powerful strokes swam past those near the shore, for his keen eyes had detected two heads bobbing about farther down the stream. Some of the mothers appeared and an expression of terrible anxiety came over the face of Jeets Bodansha when she discovered that her daughters were not among the girls whom the braves were assisting shoreward.

The rest of the men had looked no further than the frightened group and some precious time had elapsed before the incoherent explanations of the girls revealed the fact that while the children were frolicking near the shore Pigeon Wing had started alone to join her sister in the deeper water. The tide had turned and the current was making the return dangerous. Little Bird had not seen her but, hearing a faint cry, saw Pigeon Wing being carried

down the stream! Giving one call for help, she had started in pursuit.

Several of the men again plunged into the water and met Tantaquidgeon returning with the child. Shouting to the foremost swimmer, "Come! Take her!" he gave the unconscious girl into his care and turned to swim back to Little Bird who, bravely struggling, was becoming exhausted and making no headway against the current. Calling out to her, "Courage," his long, swift strokes soon brought him to her side. Directing her to turn on her back, he placed both hands under her arms and, swimming backward, pulled her toward the shore.

Other braves now reached them, but he refused their help, only telling them, "Swim close." When the shallow water was reached, taking her in his arms, he carried her to the women who were waiting on the bank. By this time his own strength was exhausted, so he went a few steps and laid down under the shelter of a bush where none might see the labored breathing that shook his shoulders.

While Little Bird was being towed to safety, some of the men assisted the women who were rolling Pigon Wing; then some of the women

chafed her chilled body, one ran for warm skins to wrap around her and another brought a restoring drink made from herbs. With the first flutter of her eyelids, she was carried to the wigwam and heated stones placed about her. By this time Little Bird had regained sufficient strength to be assisted up the bank, the voice of the Shaman could be heard inside the wigwam as he performed the incantations to drive away the evil spirits which might prevent the recovery of the child.

During the last of the moon there was time for more relaxation before the celebration of the Corn Feast, so the warriors continued their lovemaking as the girls in small groups went shyly down to the spring with their birch bark pails. Sometimes a lover concealed himself behind a tree to play a love song on his reed flute or to stop the maiden of his choice for a moment of conversation, while the other girls stood aside as chaperones.

Tantaquidgeon was the greatest hero of all. By his attentions any of the girls would have been honored. He seemed embarrassed by the notoriety recently gained and did not appear to notice any particular maiden, or declare his intentions to marry, rather to the surprise of

his friends. But Jeets Bodansha smiled quietly, when he began to play on his flute, not far from her wigwam, the melody of the old love song:

"The yellow birds swing in the locust trees,
One sings to his mate of love;
He clings and sways on the fluttering leaves
While she sits on a twig above.

As he trills and trills the joyous lay
In tones so sweet and clear,
I wish that my flute had tones as sweet
To tell of love to my dear."

Sometimes he stopped to speak with Little Bird when she was accompanied by her younger sister, who showed for him a fondness nearly approaching adoration, since he had saved her life. As he devoted most of his attention to the child, Little Bird could not understand his attitude, for although his eyes were eloquent with feeling he spoke no complimentary words.

Jeets Bodansha suspected the reason for his reluctance, and that he refrained from wooing because he did not wish to be accepted solely from gratitude on account of the recent rescue. She hoped that the good fortune of such a

noble husband might come to her daughter, whose modest, attractive manners were very desirable qualities for a wife, but like a wise mother, kept her observations to herself.

XXXIII.
Miantonomo Sent on the Long Trail

Fortunately the crops had been gathered from the fields and the lucious wild grapes lay drying on scaffolds near the wigwam, before the time when the fading moon hung in the sky after the dawn had parted the curtains of the sleeptime, for a runner came from the Paleface Governor at Suckiaug to summon Uncas to appear with a force of men.

While he was being served with food the runner was questioned concerning the fate of Miantonomo, but he could tell them only that he was still under guard and that the commissioners had returned the day before from Shawmut.

Uncas, accompanied by his brother, Waweequaw, Puppompogs, Tantaquidgeon, and others of his most fearless warriors, departed hastily in response to the message. For the duration of four sleeps, the people were in suspense and wonderment, feeling consternation at whatever might have been the decision.

When the braves returned, Uncas summoned his Council. When the pipe had been smoked and the necessary formalities observed, he briefly told them:

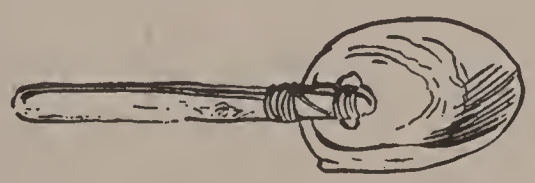
"The Paleface magistrates brought back word from Shawmut—which they call Boston—that Miantonomo was to be put to death. Your Sunjum was ordered to take him into our own territory with two of their warriors, whom they call soldiers, to accompany us as witnesses. We did not put the Narragansett to torture, or tell him his fate. When we reached that part of the trail in the dense forest this side of the Podunk settlement, at my signal, my Brother gave him a quick blow on the back of his head with a tomahawk, killing him instantly. Miantonomo has gone on The Long Trail!"

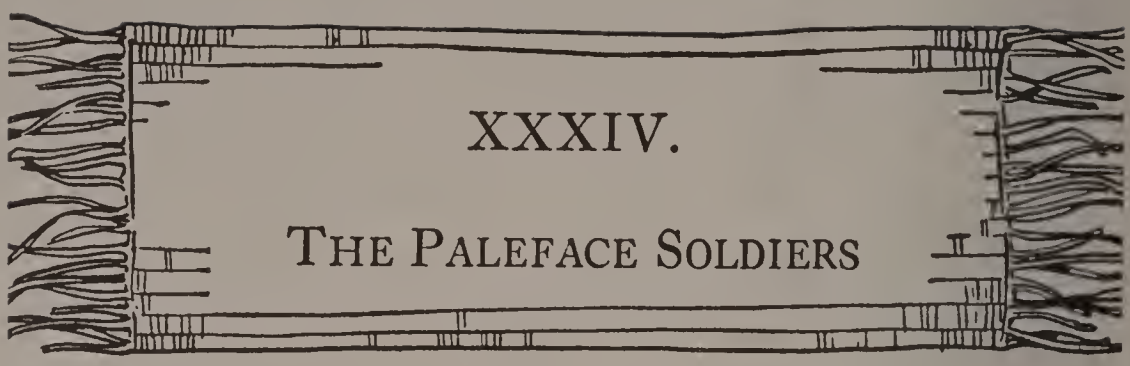
Grave discussion followed, concerning the probability of attack when the enemy learned of the death of their Chieftain. Fasts were ordained, and the rituals observed as the pipe of loyalty was passed about among the scouts who had volunteered for this new duty.

During these ceremonial days no word of love could be spoken. Regretful that he had delayed in carrying presents to Little Bird and

her father, Tantaquidgeon, with a heavy heart, departed with a large number of the most fearless braves to guard the ford of the Showtuck. Puppompogs was sent toward the west to intercept any raids from the River tribes.

The bravest hearts felt dread at the thought of what fate might overtake the camp when it was left weakly protected during the two moons of the hunting season. It was true that the Palefaces had promised protection but the Narragansetts might not give warning to the Fathers of intended warfare. Fearing the worst, they questioned, "Might not Pessacus plan a stealthy attack to avenge the death of his brother?"





XXXIV.

The Paleface Soldiers

A golden haze overhung the landscape, deepening to purple on the far distant hills. There had been only the lightest of frosts and the vivid scarlet of other years was absent in the foliage. The maple leaves of bright yellow, showing only a tinge of red in their veinings, were glowing as if they held imprisoned some of the rays from Father Sun. Overarching the trails, they transformed the narrow paths as if by a magical touch. The sunlight filtering through the flickering leaves seemed to change the otherwise invisible dust particles into shimmering, glowing mist.

The Hunting Moon had tipped her crescent in the sky so a pouch could not be hung upon the lower end; with this sign of a dry moon and fair weather for hunting, the men began half-heartedly to prepare their traps, and went out with bows and arrows for small game in the vicinity of the camp.

Traps for wild turkeys were set to avoid spoiling the plumage, for the feathers were greatly prized for making summer mantles. Duck, partridges, wild turkeys and rabbits enough for their daily needs were taken. But the question of how to supply the venison to be dried for the winter and the large skins necessary for warmth, without leaving the camp unprotected and endangering the lives of the women and children, became a serious problem.

When a hunter went out in the morning he wondered if his wife and children would greet him at sundown or whether he would find his home a pile of smoking ashes. As the hunters departed, each woman questioned whether her loved brave would return again.

After ten notches had been cut on the Time Stick, as the Sun, far down behind the trees was tinting the cloud wigwams with brilliant colorings, a strange group appeared coming down the hill in the direction of the camp. As the light touched the shining coverings of their heads, and the strange implements over their shoulders, the women and children thought they must be Moiguwag (witch doctors) in some kind of strange dress. When they came

nearer, some of the older men, who had fought in the Pequot War, told them they were Pale-face warriors and the implements over their shoulders were the weapons that breathed fire.

At first great terror was felt. Then a scout intercepted them and ran back with the assurance that they had come in peace and to defend the camp. The women and girls went into the wigwams but Crow Feather, Weemo Skeesucks and the other young boys, grasping their bows, stood sturdily beside their older brothers and watched the strangers as they approached. The old men and youths were trying to restrain and quiet the dogs who, barking furiously, needed only a sign to attack the strange invaders.

As Pigeon Wing ran into the wigwam she took her doll and fastened it on its tiny cradle board and, placing it on her back, wrapped her skin mantle around her, entirely hiding the doll from sight. When she ventured to peep out, the soldiers were marching past into the stockade. There three of the old councilors stood ready to receive them and to conduct them to the wigwam of Uncas where, awaiting his return, they were served food by the women of his household.

When the Sachem returned, the interpreter informed him that Pessacus, the young brother who had succeeded Miantonomo as Chieftain of the Narragansetts, had sent to the Governor asking permission to make war and avenge the death of his brother. The demand had been refused, but fearing that he might disregard the treaty, the magistrates had decided to send the soldiers for protection and others would follow.

Uncas retained the officer and another soldier in his own wigwam, assigning others to his brother and other sagamores. As Occum was a man of importance, two of the eight soldiers were lodged in his wigwam, and he led them to the place of honor at the farther end beyond the hearth fire.

After a few sleeptimes, before the camp had time to become accustomed to the odd appearance of the newcomers, a strange kind of craft was seen coming up the River than proved to be a shallop with six more soldiers who had been sent from Quinnipiack.*

The soldiers appeared very strange and clumsy. Over their short, thick coats they wore a corslet, either of metal or cloth heavily wadded; knee breeches with long woolen

*New Haven.

stockings and loose-topped military boots, or heavy brogans with pewter buckles. Even more amusing to the children than the helmets that they put on when going on guard in the wilderness, were the broad hats with tall pointed crowns, which they wore about the camp.

It was not many days before the boys forgot their shyness and hung about watching the soldiers while they melted lead in the fire and poured it into moulds, making their bullets, or cleaned the barrels of their muskets. The soldiers, homesick in such strange surroundings and lonely without their little brothers and sisters, were so kind that the children lost their fear, and began to play some of the games that the men had taught them.

The military drills were watched with interest and one day the men saw an amusing company of infantry marching in and out between the trees; for Crow Feather and Weemo Skeesucks were leading a group of boys, all naked as usual, but wearing something made of birch bark that resembled the high crowned, broad brimmed hats. Every boy was armed with a stick over his shoulder for a musket, and the two leaders also wore strips of bark crossed over their breasts for bandoliers, to hold their swords made of fagots.

Reassured by the presence of the guard, and the knowledge that hostile Indians would fear to attack them, the men in groups accompanied by two or three soldiers went farther into the forests, setting the traps and building fires in the tall grass to drive the animals from their hiding places.

On the day of the first large hunt the camp was astir at dawn. Breakfast eaten, the hunters gathered in groups united by clan or blood, to build the hunting fire. By the time the first rays of Father Sun gleamed from the parted curtains of his wigwam, the rituals had been observed and the hunters were ready for the forest trail.

When they had penetrated beyond the traps set for small game, a hunter in the foremost group spied a herd of deer grazing and gave a silent signal. The groups of hunters separated and, with stealthy steps, took a roundabout course, lighting fires in a large circle to cut off the retreat of the animals.

Alarmed, a large doe raised her head, holding it gracefully poised for an instant to listen. Detecting a sound and scenting the hunters, she bounded away, arousing the herd. They followed; meeting the fires they turned

around, leaping about in every direction in their attempts to escape. The braves rushed between the fires, brandishing their bows and yelling, until the graceful animals, dashing wildly, blinded by the smoke and frightened by the tumult, became an easy mark for the arrows; and with the impossibility of escape, making the chase shorter than when they were taken unawares by a lone hunter.

When the hunting season approached, some of the scouts had been recalled and their places taken by others, so Puppompogs and Tantaquidgeon chanced to be included in one group of hunters. When they started, each walked with his more intimate friends, avoiding any direct contact with each other and, while making the circle, they were widely separated. When the hunt was finished, during their search to identify their arrows in the fallen game, they met over the carcass of a fine specimen.

"This deer is mine," announced Puppompogs, pulling his arrow from the flank of the animal and indicating his mark on the shaft.

"But here is my arrow imbedded under the shoulder. It is near the heart," replied Tantaquidgeon.

"Here is My Arrow. It is Near the Heart."

"My arrow made a fatal wound and caused death from internal bleeding," claimed the other.

Tantaquidgeon, indignant that the older brave should attempt to defraud him of his game, hotly replied. In the controversy that followed, each grew more angry from the bitter taunts and recriminations. A serious quarrel threatened, but Waweequaw, Occum and Black Bear appeared from different directions, attracted by the angry voices.

Waweequaw, addressing Puppompogs, inquired, "Why do you quarrel?"

"About the deer. It is mine," was the reply as he pointed to the wound.

With a questioning look toward the younger brave, "What have you to say?"

Tantaquidgeon stooped to indicate the position of his arrow as he asked, "Did not my arrow reach a vital spot?"

Puppompogs hastened to give his reason for asserting that his arrow had severed an artery.

Waweequaw declared, nodding toward Occum, "The oldest hunter shall decide."

"It is possible that such a wound might cause slow death, but the other arrow must have killed instantly. The game is his," affirmed Occum, indicating Tantaquidgeon.

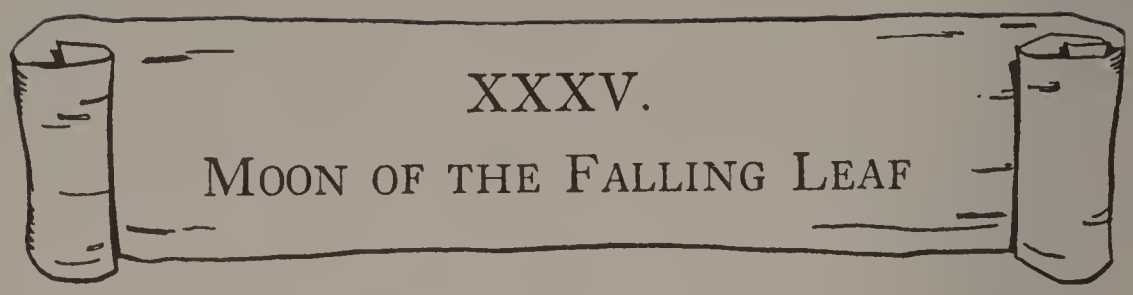
Noting the chagrin of the older brave, Black Bear turned to him saying, "Over there," nodding toward the north, "I saw your arrow in a larger deer. It was lying on the bank with its hind quarters in the brook."

With scowling looks Puppompogs turned in the direction indicated, muttering angry ejaculations over his ill luck in killing a deer in the water, for custom necessitated giving the hide to the Sachem. He desired new mantles and

soon would need new moccasins, as none had been made since the death of his young wife. He realized that his old mother had become so feeble that the labor of dressing hides would be a severe task for her strength. He muttered, "She can hardly provide for ourselves, without having to dress one for him!"

His anger was increased from the chagrin of being caught in trying to claim the animal which he knew rightfully belonged to his rival, and he grew more incensed with him for defending his rights until the others came. "He has all the good luck!" Then a grim smile overspread his face as he exclaimed, "But he has been in only one fight!"

The others circled about between the trees seeking their game, leaving Tantaquidgeon alone to perform the ceremonial of the hunting charm. These rites fulfilled, he bound it around the animal, arranged the burden on his shoulders with the strap across his breast and started homeward. He was conscious that his trophy of the chase added to his distinction, thus bringing him a step nearer to the right of seeking the maiden whom he was beginning to love.



XXXV.

Moon of the Falling Leaf

With propitious signs for fair weather during the second moon of the hunting, a council was held and the decision was reached that a few of the families, with half the soldiers for a guard, should go to the stronghold sometimes occupied by Waweequaw, on the high hill overlooking the junction of the Showtuck with the Yantuck. It was easily defended, for on three sides the ascent was very steep. The spot was greatly loved by the older members of the tribe, not only for the beautiful view down the Great River, but also because it was so near the picturesque fall of the Mishi Yantuk (Loud Voiced River) and the sacred ground where their kinsfolk were buried.

As Occum was one of those to take his family, Jeets Bodansha rolled the temporary bark covering and mats for the wigwam and selecting a few cooking utensils necessary for the short stay, loaded them into the great dugout and the brief journey began.

When they approached the basin of the Yantuck, the boys were wild with excitement at seeing the place where, after the great battle, the Narragansetts had tried to jump across the ravine. The heart of Little Bird beat more quickly as they neared the trail over which the youthful hero had pursued the fleeing Miantonomo. There was little time to look about then, for all the belongings had to be carried up through the Trail to the fortress, and the interior of the wigwam cleared of leaves before the poles, that remained from year to year, could be covered.

All was made snug and warm before dark. As her father finished twirling the fire stick and her mother was kindling the fire with the precious sparks, Little Pigeon Wing, unaccustomed to such a wonderful view of the sunset, with the crimson reflection in the water, ran to the entrance calling in great excitement, "Nannang, Nannang! Come! Hurry! Somebody is lighting big camp fires in the sky and the River is on fire!"

While all the food and hunting was shared, the rights for hunting certain tracts were assigned to different families. These descended from father to son and the boundaries were in-

dicated by the streams, convenient boulders, or by marks blazed on the trees. In more peaceful times a brave often hunted alone and his family lived in a lonely wigwam far removed from the habitations of other hunters, but this year it was considered more safe for all to hunt together, alternating on the hunting grounds.

Early the next morning the new hunting camp fire was kindled and the ceremonials observed. Then the braves departed in the direction of Pautipaug to set traps at Beaver Brook, and, while waiting for the silky-furred animals to be entrapped, went in pursuit of larger game. The forests abounded in wolves, foxes, moose and deer. The hunters had been trained from childhood to know the habits of every creature, their lairs and the best methods for entrapping them, so that every night a good quantity of game was carried in.

To direct them on the right trails, each hunter placed in his pouch the hunting charm, or carrying strap, decorated with the figures of the animals they hoped to find. Without these symbols of prayer for game to invoke the spirit that led the hunter to it, how could they hope for success? Without them they could not

communicate with the spirits of the slain animals, to ask pardon for taking their lives, and the game might warn the spirits of other beasts against the hunter.

Certain choice portions of each variety of game were reserved for sacrifice. Each evening before the meal was served, Jeets Bodansha and the other women cast the sacrificial offering into the fire while murmuring the proper ritual. All the rites were carefully observed so they were rewarded by an abundant supply of large game and there was no danger of famine.

The braves were careful not to deplete the supply of game in any locality, so later in the moon they directed their hunting toward the northwest.

The women had dug the smoke pits and built the drying frames on the low land and, protected by the soldiers guarding on the plain above the bank, they worked with the roar of the waterfall accompanying their songs.

At brief intervals Pigeon Wing helped her mother and Little Bird about scraping the skins, or started little bark canoes on long voyages down the River. Crow Feather, during his play, kept his small bow and arrows always

at hand for, as he seriously remarked to the soldiers, "Who knows what wild creature might attack my mother and sisters?"

Sometimes under the friendly care of Soldier John, the children climbed to the cliff overlooking the Falls and watched the water dashing over the great boulders and churning about in the deep, round holes in the soft rocks at the base. Clouds of spray arose and they laughed as it blew in their faces, while they were waiting to see the rainbow in the mist. The lonely scouts guarding the Showtuck were frequent visitors, for the welcome of their friends and the more appetizing food of the hunters' wigwams made a strong appeal.

Although he visited the other families, Tantaquidgeon came most frequently to the wigwam of Occum. While talking with the hunter he found opportunity for many an adoring glance at Little Bird as she served him with warm food. He had made several brief visits to the wigwam for the ostensible purpose of consulting Occum about the polishing of a bow, or the fastening of a flint arrow head to the shaft. One Sun-gone, after the evening meal was finished and Occum had filled his tammank (pipe) for the customary smoke, the

entrance mat was swung aside and Tantaquidgeon entered with some object concealed under his fur mantle.

Occum invited him to sit in the place of honor and Little Bird, at the bidding of her mother, rose to set food before him. While she was preparing it, Tantaquidgeon, throwing aside his mantle remarked, "I have come to show you a present that I have been making for the Sunjum." Passing a wooden dish to Occum he continued, "If you see an imperfect place in the carving or think it should be polished more with a stone, I wish you to tell me."

The young man busied himself with the overlarge portion of food that Little Bird had mischievously placed before him, knowing that he would have difficulty in obeying the rule of politeness to consume all of it so soon after his evening meal. Occum carefully inspected the bowl. He turned it about, noting its oval shape, the rim elevated at both ends and hovering over each, the head of a fox looking toward the inside of the dish.

"The biyoti (bowl) is well done. The heads are natural and the Sunjum will be pleased with his own symbol."

"Would it be better to polish it more?"

"No, that is sufficient, for a maple burl keeps smooth with use."

Quite forgetting that his own daughter was approaching marriageable age, Occum continued in a jocular tone, "You will carve a fine dakwang some day, perhaps before many moons."

At this reference to the mortar necessary to every wigwam, with the veiled suggestion of an early marriage, the young man grew sober and answered respectfully, "I only hope that I have won sufficient honors," and glanced in the direction of Little Bird, who had bent her head over her work, entirely concealing the flush that covered her cheeks.

Tantaquidgeon tactfully turned the conversation, asking his host about the success of the trips to the beaver dams, knowing that when Occum began to relate the episodes of the hunting season, the passing of time would be forgotten and he could enjoy a long evening in the presence of the girl he loved.

One day, never to be forgotten by Little Bird and the children, Tantaquidgeon persuaded their mother to go on a brief outing. Accompanied also by Soldier John, he guided them along the trail until they came opposite the

Leap. Here he described how the Narragansetts in their fright had lost their way, and failing to jump across the gorge, had landed on the rocks below. Returning to the basin they climbed the Trail past the sacred ground where members of the royal line were buried (and where Uncas would also be laid when the time came for his journey on the Long Trail); then across the plain and up the hill beyond, until they could see in the valley below, the spot where Miantonomo was captured near the ford of the Showtuck. Far, far away in the distance was visible the low mountain capped with a mineral, white as the snows of winter.

Tantaquidgeon returned with them to the stronghold. Happy Little Bird, as she helped her mother prepare and serve the evening meal, had thoughts only for her youthful hero, after seeing the places where he had distinguished himself; but the brave, observing the friendly attitude of the family toward the Soldier John, and his courtesy toward Little Bird, experienced so much jealousy that he returned to his duty feeling miserable and apprehensive.

It was not long before he came for another brief visit and making an opportunity to speak

alone with Jeets Bodansha, remarked, "I like not the Paleface guest. I fear that he will win the love of the little singer and, forgetting, leave her crushed and broken-hearted. A paleface warrior lives not long in a Red Man's camp."

Jeets Bodansha inquired sternly, " Do you think that I do not guard my daughter well?" Then noting his suffering she softened her tone. "The soldier is a good, kind man and treats the older girl the same as her little sister. Is there no brave in Mohiks worthy of her regard that she should listen to a Paleface? Fear not!"

With lightened heart Tantaquidgeon returned over the trail to his vigil. The mysterious light and shadows underneath the silvery moon seeming to resemble the light and shadows of this strange new influence which was transforming his life.

Indian summer had come and gone; the brown, dried leaves rustled dismally as the hunters walked through them under the leaden skies. Great flocks of Cohonks had already flown southward to their great winter home among the Powhatans. The wind blew cold and one night as the Moon of the Falling Leaf rose late, she wore a wampum belt of rainbow

colors, which was a sign of bad weather, so it was no surprise when Father Sun did not come forth from his wigwam the next morning.

A few large flakes of snow were driven by the North Wind from the snowy banks among the clouds, showing that Old Man Winter had already left his lodge in the sky and was on the trail to build his wigwam of snow and ice upon the earth. There were signs of a cold winter, for the animals had grown heavy coats and all varieties of nuts had been plentiful, so the squirrels would have sufficient for a long winter.

Occum decided that it was time for his wife and children to return to their comfortable wigwam, so they began to break camp. The moose and deer hides and the soft, fine beaver skins were packed into the great dugout, but the mats and bark coverings were left on the hunting lodge for the use of the soldiers and Red Squirrel, who was to remain for a while under the care of his older brother. A few braves, who had no young children, decided to remain longer but several families were embarking already, for the homeward journey together.

It required a longer time for Jeets Bodan-

sha and Little Bird to settle Pigeon Wing and Crow Feather safely among the skins, so Occum was the last to leave. Only an instant before he was ready to push off, Tantaquidgeon came running down the trail for a word of greeting and farewell.

When she saw him coming a slight flush rose to the cheeks of Little Bird. As he bent over the canoe he whispered, "When the Chieftain releases me from duty here I will carry presents to your father."

She listened with glowing cheeks and lowered lids as he continued, "If he accepts them and motions for me to sit in the place of honor behind the hearth fire, will the little song bird come and sit on the mat beside me? Will she show her willingness to have the Sunjum join our hands?"

A slight nod of her head and a swift, shy glance were a satisfactory reply to the young brave.

As the canoe glided away, Tantaquidgeon, his face lighted by the promise of love and happiness, shaded his eyes with his hand and stood watching, amid the now swiftly falling snow, until it had passed beyond the bend in the Great River and was hidden from view.

The falling flakes soon covered the earth with a soft, white mantle and the little rippling brooks, stilled by an icy grasp, no longer sang their songs. After a few more sleeps the Great River itself, wore a covering of glistening ice. Old Winter had come.

While the time had not yet arrived for confidences to be exchanged between mother and daughter, Jeets Bodansha, selecting her finest and softest skins fashioned them into new garments for Little Bird, who embroidered them in dainty patterns with quills and beads. A happy smile curved her lips and tenderness was in her eyes as she recalled the days of their meeting on the trail and in imagination heard the tones of his flute playing the love songs, or the impassioned tenderness in his voice, while she awaited the coming of Tantaquidgeon.

Dreaming of their happy future, we leave them to its fulfillment in the Season of the Great Whiteness.

THE END

Epilogue

Nearly three centuries have passed since the unknown hero lived, loved and followed the war trail. Gone are the wigwams, and the primeval forests, but in the poetic names of the places where they roamed, the memory of his people is preserved.

A few of their descendants are still living in Mohegan beside their ancient and picturesque trail, now an improved automobile route, marked "Mohegan Trail," extending from New London, Conn., to Lake Chaubunagungamaug, or "place for fishing," at Webster, Mass. A part of their home, Shantok Point, commanding a beautiful view of their Great Pequot River (now the Thames) has become a State Park. A small section of the bluff has been enclosed by a stockade, within which is the final resting place of later members of the tribe. Rising between the scattered graves, a large wigwam-shaped monument of stones commemorates a later siege.

Late in the summer the Mohegans hold a festival—probably a survival of the Corn Feast—when a temporary arbor of saplings called the "Wigwam" is erected. Here Indian craft work is for sale, and yokeg and succotash are among the foods served. Visitors are welcomed by members of the tribe, with brightly colored quills adorning their dark hair, and wearing Indian costumes ornamented with beadwork; while an occasional emblem may be noted, showing that an ancestor belonged to the turtle, or other clans. No one bears the name of Uncas, but a descendant of Occum is called "Chief", and Tantaquidgeon and Skeesucks are found as surnames.

Aside from Uncas, the most widely known member of the tribe has been the Rev. Samson Occum, who in 1766 and 1767 was sent to Great Britain to raise funds for the Indian Seminary in Connecticut. Through his preaching, ten thousand pounds were secured, and the school was transferred to New Hampshire and incorporated as Dartmouth College.

Other memorials preserve their story. At Norwich, four miles above Shantok, is the Great Plain, traversed by the first turnpike in

New England. Beside the road a boulder with a bronze tablet bears the inscription:

Near this spot on the "Great Plains" in 1643 the Mohegans defeated the Narragansetts in the most conspicuous purely Indian fight recorded in the annals of New England.

Gone are the great Chieftains, with their braves who participated in the battle. From the memory of their feuds the bitterness has faded, for, at the commemorative ceremonies when the tablet was unveiled, "Princess" Tantaquidgeon was assisted by a maiden of the Narragansetts.

Continuing along the trail of the moccasined feet, within the City are the Falls of the Yantic and the Leap, made famous by the battle. Across the gorge is the Royal Indian Burying Ground where in memory of his friendship for the Paleface settlers, citizens of a later generation have erected a granite shaft which marks the resting place of Uncas.

Through the forest of Mohegan Park, named in honor of the tribe, the trail winds over the ledges where Tantaquidgeon pursued the fleeing Chieftain to Sachem's Plain. There, not far east of the long "Mohegan Trail", a monument marked MIANTONOMO

1643, commemorates the traditional place of his capture. He was executed, probably, in the forests of the Podunk tribe, who were tributary to Uncas, in the part of their country now East Hartford.

GERTRUDE BELL BROWNE.

GLOSSARY

awausseus...bear
bagenud...hunting pouch
baiog...ten
biyoti...bowl
bitkas...long dress or skirt of womanhood
Blesulgwan...Pigeon Wing
cohonks...wild geese
dakwang...mortar
gackatcang...will-o'-the-wisp
gadon...winter, freezing time
Gluskap...Creator of Life
gun...fallen snow
gungawantc...leggins
gwansnag...long stone
hobbamocks...evil spirit
Jeets Bodansha...Bird Flying
Jeetseesh...Little Bird
jibai...ghosts
jo kwien...wigwam
Kago Moegwon...Crow Feather
kskac saen...northwest, or wide-way wind
ktcais...husband
maingan...wolf
makas...moccasin
makia wisag...dwarfs or little people
makkia...dwarf
Manisses...Block Island
manuda...basket
Massapequottuck...Great Pequot River or Thames River
metomp...Head band
mischcuppaoug...scup or porgy
Mishi Yantuck...Loud-voiced River
Mohiksinug...Mohegans
moiguwag...witch doctors
munnawhat...menhaden, a fish used as fertilizer
mundowi...sacred
Namakkis...my son
Namu...See
Nannang...my mother
Natanis...my daughter
Nekanis...my brother
nequot...one
nipau...five
Nuc...my father
Nujanas...my grandfather
Oxo-paug-suck...Oxoboxo River
piamang...fish
pipsissewa...Prince's pine
quahaug...shell
Quinihtituck...Long River or Connecticut River
Quinnipiack...New Haven
skwa yo...red
Suckiang...Hartford
suga yo...black

su jpo...snow falling
suktac...succotash
Sunjum...Sachem
tamank...pipe
tca-na-mid...trickster
Weyungoo...Bright Moon
wickwuskessu...robin
wigwom...wigwam
witum...wind
wiwat-caman...corn
yokeg...parched corn
zi wamba yo...indigo

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